THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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A LEAGUE OF SOCIAL JUSTICE

WHEN in a recent article on this page we expressed our conviction that the general awakening on the part of our industrial and financial leaders to the faults and inconveniences—to state the case in regard to capitalism at its mildest—of our present disorganized society had not passed our Catholic leaders by, we wrote in a spirit of hope, but without knowledge that our words were to be justified so promptly and so splendidly as we are now in a position to record. As we said at that time, our Catholic lay leaders are observing and thinking as never before; and our Catholic economists and teachers of ethics are at last entering upon a time when the teachings of the Catholic Church, as laid down by Leo XIII and Pius XI, can be heard with attention—and, if heard, seriously studied—and, when studied, practically applied. And we suggested that teachers and leaders should come together in conference for the purpose of discussing, and then to put into effect, a nation-wide program of Catholic social action, having the solid coöperation of men of affairs as well as theorists and teachers. We were well aware of the fact that the National Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, and the Central Verein, and the National Council of Catholic Women, and the National Council of Catholic Men, together with a large number of our leading universities and schools, have been working along these lines, and with an increasing measure of success.

But the splendid work of the industrial conferences has always been retarded by the fact that very few of the more representative Catholic captains of industry took personal part in their program. Now the situation bids fair to change decidedly for the better in this respect, through the work of that zealous organization, the National Catholic Converts League, under its new president, Mr. Robert S. Shriver—who is also, we are happy to be able to say, one of the original founders of The Calvert Associates, and a native of that state from which The Calvert Associates takes its name, gallant Maryland. Few meetings of a more fundamental importance have been held in the field of Catholic Action than the one held under the auspices of this organization on the evening of January 18—the Feast of Saint Peter's Chair at Rome—at the Plaza Hotel in New York, in the presence of His Excellency, Most Reverend Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, D.D., the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, when Mr. John Moody, president of Moody's Inves-

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tors Service, himself a recent convert to the Church, spoke to a highly representative audience on the subject of "Our Baffled Business World," and the Apostolic Delegate gave out a message of great importance not merely for the Catholic people of this country, but for the entire nation. Both speakers agreed that statesmen, editors, business men, and the body of the people generally, must recognize the fact that morality and ethics cannot be separated in practice from business and political affairs without serious damage being done to the structure of society. This unhappy separation of things that should go together is responsible for the chaotic condition of the world. Only the bringing together of what man has put asunder can restore social equilibrium, and adjust the peaceful order of society.

Notable as these utterances were, however, perhaps even more significant is the fact that the audience which listened with such earnest attention was in itself a realization of the desire expressed in these pages more than a month ago. Scores of the best-known leaders of finance and industry, many non-Catholics as well as Catholics, were gathered together with Catholic economists and teachers of ethics. Nor did the meeting cease to be practical at that point—for it launched a movement of far-reaching consequences. The announcement was made that definite steps were being taken by The Calvert Associates to form a nation-wide League of Social Justice, for the study and application of the economic teachings of Pope Pius XI. Several thousand men and women are now members of The Calvert Associates, and practically every state in the Union is represented. In some places, notably in Chicago, local Calvert groups or clubs have been formed to function as research circles, or as forums for the discussion of public affairs. These circles and groups will be multiplied by means of an active field force of volunteers, headed by a full-time executive secretary, chosen because of his special fitness for this important work. The league itself will have as president one of the best-known and most highly respected industrial leaders, who will be aided by an executive committee composed of theorists and teachers and practical men of business. A larger body, consisting of directors of the league, is being formed to represent all parts of the country, and will include many of our most representative Catholic women as well as men. The league will seek the closest coöperation with the National Catholic Welfare Conference, whose general policy—being that laid down for all Catholics by our bishops in their joint Pastoral Letter of 1919, and their Reconstruction Program—will, of course, be followed. It will also work in harmony with the other organizations named above, and similar ones, whose purposes it will seek to supplement and support by rallying to the general cause that element of practical leadership in the business world which hitherto has been lacking. The personnel and plans will be announced in due time, after most careful consideration, to be carried on in a series of conferences which have already begun.

As the Apostolic Delegate said: "It needs only a few men with clear and fixed ideas, a few men with determination and enthusiasm, to start a movement. Why cannot a powerful movement to apply Christian principles to economic life come out of this body? This meeting represents a good cross-section of American Catholicism, employers and employees, rich and poor, men and women of many callings in life, all devoted to the Church, all lovers of humanity, all desirous of making the spirit of Our Blessed Lord rule more and more over the hearts of men and over society. What cannot you do if some leadership develops among you? Are the words of the Chief Shepherd to be admired only and not adopted as the first principles of our thinking and acting?

"I am not recommending that the Converts League make the economic question its special work; no, the Converts League has its own splendid field and will stick to it, as it should. But since it happens that I am here, as the representative of the Holy Father, and you take as your topic his great encyclical 'On the Reconstruction of the Social Order,' I feel an urge within me to recommend to you, earnestly and solemnly, to take this encyclical to your hearts. If a group can be formed here, not large, but earnest, intelligent, representative, it may accomplish something definite. Your efforts will inspire Catholics in other centers. The movement may spread. The whole Catholic body in America may take a lively interest in this great question and become, so to say, social-minded. If so, who can measure the extent of its influence on America? Bring this to pass, my friends, and you will be rendering the greatest service to your country and, through America, to the world. The whole world still looks to America in hope. Let not America fail the world; but the American nation, like every other, if it is to endure, will live only by the principles of justice and charity given to the world by Christ."

WEEK BY WEEK

THE SLOGAN for 1932—and for beleagured Republicanism of the same date—is and must be inflation. Since there would seem to be, fundamentally, no way of arresting the deflation process without a vigorous counter-attack, all hands have been called to the credit pumps. But how are these to operate? The fight is more or less generally on between the conception of a central financial institute empowered to extend credit where this is needed but almost impossibly out of reach, and the idea of floating a huge bond issue in the name of the government with the object of financing a vast program of public works. Mr. Hoover has endorsed the first; the Progressives and some Democrats have advanced the second. Both are valuable expedients, but we are quite strongly in-

Which Lever?

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clined to favor the Hoover plan. To begin with, the purpose of inflation is to stabilize and if possible raise prices. But in all human probability, security quotations cannot rise if the prices offered for government bond issues fall. And tumble they will if the total amount offered is too large, or if the national budget notoriously refuses to balance. That is why, incidentally, the Treasury is insisting so strongly on greatly increased taxation. In the second place, it would seem as if, in the effort to create employment, the community should first of all come to the aid of regularly established industries which are forced to lay off trained employees in numbers. Such help undoubtedly "feeds" the consumer groups more efficiently and directly than could even a very capably managed system of public works. These last have never successfully proved their value as remedies for joblessness or as incentives to inflation. Since they must eventually be written off as unproductive enterprises, they ought rather, in all likelihood, to be fostered during normal and prosperous times.

ON THE other hand, a good deal of current insistence on adequate taxation may well be extreme and untimely. There is never any absolutely cogent reason for surpluses, if government credit is sound and no threat of a steadily mounting deficit exists. Indeed times of stress may, if the burden on the individual income is made notably heavier, demand a greater budget laxity than is ordinarily advisable. We think that the credit of the United States would be entirely sound—i.e., that the interest rate on borrowed funds would be sufficiently low—if the tax schedules proposed by Mr. Mellon were considerably pared down. The most important point, however, is that government expenditures should be cut in the same ratio as taxes increase. This means in practice effecting a reduction of large salaries and a general raid on the pork barrel. To date, far too little has been done in this regard. It was natural that Washington should wish to set no example of salary reduction. But the season for such hesitancies has now passed. In all probability not much genuine progress can be made in this department until a plan of taxation engineering, possibly like that several times sketched by Governor Roosevelt of New York, has been put into effect.

RESIGNING from the Supreme Court, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes has been given to read no end of comment that must have seemed to him fearfully like obituary notices. The list of his virtues and achievements has been drawn up scores of times, the quality of his virtue has been tested and acclaimed flawless. And yet, why not? He has been so representative of the now infrequent manner in which what was best in the older America has lingered, without withering, into our time. Law has been read and written by him with singular serenity and wit; to many learned in such things, he has seemed like a Joubert on the bench. Citizens rarely enough concern themselves with what matters in the phenomena of national life, taking their stand less with the philosopher than with the ringside spectator. But many have heeded Mr. Holmes, some gratefully beyond measure and others anxiously, worried lest his wisdom should cut too deep into complacency. Mr. Lippmann even asserts, in the *Herald Tribune,* that the Justice "will live on with Emerson and with William James and with a very few others in whom the American spirit became articulate and ripened into distinction." A laurel wreath, surely. But what matter? Here is a man whom one may speak of without pausing to remember that it is death which imposes the adage of *nil nisi bonum.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes

IF THERE is one thing that would seem to be fairly sure at present in the otherwise unsettled and unpredictable condition of public affairs in these United States, it is that something is going to be done about prohibition. To the impatient, this may seem at long last. As a matter of fact, however, things have been happening with regard to the control of the commerce in intoxicating beverages with a variety and speed that will to the dispassionate student of social history in another age seem fairly breath-taking. The distinguishing feature of these acts has been their intransigence, not alone on the dry side but also, before the drys were able to seize the reigns of government, on the wet side. An optimist considering the extremes of the past and present, might hope that the future profiting by experience would see a wise and golden mean in public measures. Mr. William D. Guthrie, former president of the New York State and New York City Bar Associations, in a recent extremely cogent article in the New York Sunday *Times,* presented a framework of facts on which we leaned more than an elbow in making the conclusions stated above. The social evils attributed to prohibition, the speakeasy where liquor is dispensed without paying any tax to support the proper regulation of the traffic, thus thrusting this burden at present on to all taxpayers, the growing patronage of bars by women and girls, the increase of flask-toting and gin-drinking by boys and girls of high school and college age, the contempt of law practised by even the unco guid in the use of home brews, patent medicines and bootlegged stuff for cheer, in violation of the spirit and the letter of the constitution—these things are so much with us that we are prone to forget the abuses of obvious morality, fair play and personal freedom indulged in before prohibition.

Why Drys Are Wild

SOME of the persons most annoyed by prohibition, see no alternative to it other than anarchy. They resent any and all laws on the subject. This attitude, however, is too simple and forgets the use of law by the dealers in and defenders of liquor when saloon politics were firmly entrenched. Mr. Guthrie calls par-

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ticular attention to the long invasion by the liquor interests of states and communities where there was a real preponderance of public sentiment for local prohibition. Under a series of interpretations of the interstate commerce provisions of the constitution, these interests were able to defy state and local laws with impunity. It was this fact that, in the opinion of Mr. Guthrie, led to the embattled attitude of the drys, and it is the memory of this which makes what Mr. Guthrie describes as "reasonable, conservative and patriotic prohibitionists" certain to oppose outright repeal. Mr. Guthrie's suggestion for solving this seeming dilemma has a marked similarity to the proposal of Chairman Raskob of the Democratic National Committee. He would have an amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment passed which would still allow full and unequivocal rights to states that so desired to prevent the importation and sale of liquor within their borders, while allowing those states where public sentiment was opposed to prohibition to make such provisions and regulations as they saw fit. Mr. Raskob's amendment to an amendment has heretofore seemed to us as a rather unnecessarily complicated expedient. After reviewing Mr. Guthrie's careful and impartial analysis, however, we begin to see it as possibly the only means whereby the boasted freedom of the people of this country can be preserved.

Success-mad America

MR. JOHN R. TUNIS truly says, in the *Atlantic Monthly,* that competition, the source of much that we are justly proud of in our history, has got out of bounds all along the line, and in no place more disastrously than in athletics. "A nation of record-breakers," he continues, we play, not to enjoy, but to win; witness the discipline, the heart-breaking concentration, the terrific labor, involved in producing individual or group champions; and he urges his fellow citizens to relax to a sane enjoyment of sport for sport's sake. We find ourselves formulating a dissenting diagnosis, one that has long been implicit in our thinking on this subject. We put it as a question: *can* our people simply relax, thus solving the problem negatively, by ceasing to do something? Is it not possible that the bulk of these cases of hypertrophied ambition are explained precisely by the hard work and concentration involved, rather than by the will to win? Is it not possible that hard work and concentration were developed into a rigid technique more because Americans must do something desperate and exhausting with their energy, than because Americans must attain success? As a nation, we seem to possess a larger share of the *élan vital* than of avenues of escape for it. Every century of what is called modern history has closed more of those avenues, good and bad, to all men, and our own culture—the only culture to develop entirely in the industrial age—has grown too swiftly and mechanically to provide us new avenues, by the process of gradual development. The men who traded in slaves, pirated on the high seas, joined mercenary armies, stormed the walls of Acre and Ascalon, broke the stubborn glebe as farmers, and the heads of townsmen as collegians, hewed down forests and hunted cattymounts and redskins, now can pour that epic fire only into money-getting, record-breaking or rum-running. Mr. Tunis points out that English sportsmen remain sane. But England has had her substitute—an empire on whose remote borders great numbers of her young men could fling themselves to live swift lives and sometimes die horrible deaths. That has kept the extra strain off her sports up to now. What she will do in the future may surprise Mr. Tunis.

Specializing in Education

THE EDITORS of the *Catholic Educational Review* are able to announce, in the current issue, that their periodical has now reached the age of twenty-one. It is, therefore, entitled to vote for something; and one supposes this might well be for the extension to the school system as a whole of ideals and ideas which the best of its contributors have sponsored. They form, as a matter of fact, a highly diversified and yet admirably unified group. The first issue of the *Review* contained articles by Bishop Shahan, Monsignor Pace, Dr. Shields and Father Swickerath—men to whom Catholic education owes the impetus to a "renaissance" of scientific feeling and religious devotedness. From that time on to the present issue—in which the editor, Dr. George Johnson, is flanked by other members of the Catholic University faculty and by men and women well known to scholastic endeavor—the diverse doings of the classroom have been reviewed kaleidoscopically but always in the light of faith. It is a fine record, worth looking over frequently. Strikingly enough, the editors say that "three-fourths of readers subscribing in 1911 are with us to celebrate this anniversary." We wish this faithful nucleus a destiny analogous to that of the twelve apostles.

His Little Joke

PERHAPS Mr. Stephen Leacock regrets his almost universal eminence as a humorist, on the score of its obscuring his very considerable attainments in another field. But if he hoped to redress the balance by his recent article on the war debts in the *Herald Tribune*—an article subsigned with great particularity, "Head of the Department of Political Economy, McGill University"—he is certainly doomed to disappointment. Nothing in the "Nonsense Novels" is funnier than the suggestion that the United States accept the Congo Basin, now owned by Belgium, France and England, as an equivalent for the obligations still due her from the Allies. "All that is needed is a new congress on adjustment of debts and reparations on a basis of territorial sovereignty"—a congress, one presumes, at which we would blindfold the Belgian delegates, chloroform the French and assassinate the

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English. Then this inconceivably rich and almost undeveloped block of 1,500,000 square miles would be ours. "Think! What a wonderful dream come true if that happened!" American money poured into the enterprise, American pep speeding it up, and the American Negro transported back to this, his aboriginal climate, to do the work. How we would prevent peonage in Africa, the very nursing mother of slavery, when we cannot prevent it in our own country, or how prohibit exploitation on the general lines of Teapot Dome, and on a scale beginning where Teapot Dome left off, he does not say; nor does he deal with the more basic difficulty of our lack of an imperialist tradition. We simply cannot grab land in this openly self-interested way. Something within us constrains us to wait until we can say, and perhaps think, that we are taking it on to coach it in self-government. This attitude has its points; measured by prevailing practices, it is positively respectable. But it will prevent Mr. Leacock's "dream" from coming true.

THE LITERATURE of popular self-revelation, of which the usual tributaries are interviews with screen stars in movie magazines, and confessions of various sorts of empurpled conduct in the tabloid and pulp press, has now been enriched by Mr. Winston Churchill's current contribution to the New York *Times*. The famous British statesman does not write of any personal romance, it is true; he writes of having been knocked down by a car in Fifth Avenue, during his recent visit to this country. But he presents his intimate sensations on that occasion with such a simple, unfaltering conviction of their being just what we want to hear, with such a wealth of personal and poetic allusion, and such loving elaboration of what is pointless and irrelevant even in a pointless and irrelevant story, that the little two-column masterpiece falls automatically into the category of "I Confess." There is, to begin with, a relentlessly minute account of the telephone invitation to a friend's house, the descent by elevator from Mr. Churchill's apartment to the street, the summoning of a cab, the cruising along Fifth Avenue in search of the house, of which he had forgotten the number. But finally Mr. Churchill does leave his cab and try to cross the street. Looking for left-hand traffic in the English way, he gets barged into by a right-hand car. A crowd gathers and the treat begins: "Somewhere in the black bundle toward which passers-by are running, there is a small chamber or sanctum. . . . There sits enthroned a mind apparently intact and unshaken." When this mind suggests (as soon as Mr. Churchill gives it the floor), "Perhaps this is the end," the reader is expressly invited to observe "that I experienced no emotion of regret or fear." A quarter-column of this, and then the policeman asks if he wishes to make a charge. "To which I replied: 'I exonerate everyone.'" A half-column about the deadened feeling of Mr. Churchill's arms and legs, and then the hospital. Paragraphs about how sensations returned to Mr. Churchill's arms and legs. Then: "Reassuring words are spoken. I see a beloved face. My wife is smiling." And so on, till the wound is sewed up. But that is not quite all: "For the rest—live dangerously! Take things as they come! Dread naught! All will be well!" Bernarr Macfadden, please copy—if you can.

Now It Has Been Told

THE PROPRIETY OF PEACE

A SICK world toys with the idea of war without being able to think seriously of fighting. That is all well enough for the Orient and the antipodes, where civilization is still sufficiently primitive to afford the risks of battle. Europe knows that another 1914 would mean its suicide. Nevertheless these are moods in it which seem to be caught: a belief that even suicide might be preferable to existence as now constituted, which is increasingly characteristic of Germany; a feeling that no danger is too great to court if the prize of security can be preserved, which is the dominant attitude of France. Accordingly the debate—which is also no doubt, the primary argument about our American social and cultural destiny—seems to be between ultra-despair and ultra-conservatism.

Yet things are by no means so simple. Attentive to the rumbling masses which surge to the banner of Hitler, one may too easily forget the many millions of Germans who know that even asceticism of the present harrowing, in their eyes utterly unjustified, kind is vastly preferable to the sure calamities of war. The great public which follows the body of writers who range from Samuel Saenger on the Socialist side to Friedrich Dessauer on the Catholic side, knows perfectly well what the issues are and what caution they impose. In quite the same way, France is by no means the homogeneous, single-minded, one-hearted Marianne which a nationalist press would have us accept as an inescapable fact. We have, then, a complex world trying to reach a decision on a complex subject—a world proposing slogans and running foul of them, in the good, old-fashioned way.

Because of what it lets us see of French thinking on the basic topic of international reconstruction, the article contributed to *Le Correspondant,* of Paris, by His Excellency, Monseigneur Sagot du Vauroux, Bishop of Agen, is exceptionally worth reading and pondering. The bishop is specifically interested in stating what ought to be the attitude of French Catholics toward the problem of peace. He does not ignore the interest of the Papacy in the question, and he is honest in enumerating the evils which follow in war's train. But he holds that a divided mind regarding the national welfare would be regrettable, and he says frankly that "Catholics in particular" are divided. There are French Catholic pacifists, and their number is increasing. But there are many French Catholics who remain fervent nationalists, bent on having even such an

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army and navy as appeals to the soul of Colonel McCormick, of Chicago. How shall one speak to both camps?

The bishop replies by proposing a compromise between hate and patriotic loyalty. Love of country need not involve contempt of any other land or people, and indeed it should be simply one form of charity. Nor is war essentially wrong from the point of view of Christian patriotism. The Church, His Excellency reminds us, has never issued a condemnation of just belligerents, and Saint Thomas establishes the conditions under which a given conflict might be recognized as being just. It follows, therefore, that Catholic Frenchmen are encouraged by their own religious tradition to distrust all talk of complete disarmament and to repudiate attacks upon the military profession. To them the army should be a "school of discipline," the bad moral effects of which are attributable for the most part to the "laicism" which for a century has flourished in the cantonments. More generally speaking, disarmament, as recommended by the Holy Father, is an ideal which must be gradually and carefully approached. Is it possible now? Only, argues the bishop, if Germany manifests complete willingness to abandon all thought of "revenge"—a willingness as yet far from self-evident.

Catholics, he avers, are obliged to labor for peace and against imperialistic hatreds. They may hold that, as Cardinal Gasparri said years ago, universal military service is an evil and that the world should return to the professional army. They may—this point is interesting—believe that the problems of reparations and of treaty revision must be faced boldly, though cautiously. But it must not be "that if, in spite of our efforts, a crisis in foreign affairs should occur, the French hierarchy and clergy be accused of having contributed to the enfeebling of nationalist sentiment." No doubt this last point is the most important. In its struggle with the adverse forces latent in modern civilization, the Church must patently avoid sponsoring an untenable idealism the result of which would only be a still more unbearable reality: that is, a rosy internationalism which, under the impact of possible defeat, might become Bolshevism.

We have no desire to analyze this teaching or to express divergence from it. The important thing is to grasp how representative these sentiments are and to realize that they are entertained by thoughtful men, sober idealists, who wish to serve both God and man. As such they could easily be duplicated in Germany, although Catholic pacifism is undoubtedly stronger in that country. German Catholic leaders—note for instance the fine articles of Walter Hagemann in *Germania, Hochland* and elsewhere—are likewise convinced that patriotism of a sound kind must not be sacrificed to international desires, and that progress in the direction of peace (meaning also progress toward pacification of German public opinion) would be easy if only the French would display more willingness to coöperate. They, too, are anxious that the earnest desire for general well-being should avoid being tragically transmuted into Communism.

To an outsider it may easily seem that such general, theoretical considerations help the world very little. Needed, so one hears on all sides, are men who can take practical steps toward improving the present intolerable situation—men who, in Germany, could by their personal magnetism (which the Chancellor lacks) bring crowds to support a program of sacrificial reconstruction with real enthusiasm, and men who, in France, could successfully extricate the government from the hopeless jungle in which it has been caught for years. This necessity is obvious, to be sure. We have already commented upon the circumstance that French failure to devise a program, a line of action, in consonance with bleak realities is due in large measure less to the default of public opinion than to the nature of parliamentary government in France, which is a world several hundred times divided against itself. Even in Germany, where the blunt actions of the Bruening government have forced an unparalleled conformism upon a people, important and unavoidable compromises between factions change policies in decisive ways. But all this does not rob the general considerations of their value. These considerations, rather, lack forcefulness simply because they are too frequently ignored by the practical.

Could the Bishop of Agen say that all French Catholics were agreed to stand with him; could the Bishop of Regensburg, whose assertions on nationalist topics have been so wise, assert that German Catholics endorsed his point of view with vigor; could even the Sovereign Pontiff assume that his words had evoked whole-hearted response—then, clearly enough, there would exist in the world a philosophy stripped for action and made imperially imperative. Alas that all these assumptions are unfounded! Nevertheless, there is so much of genuine spiritual vigor in the tenacity with which German Catholics have clung, since 1918, to principles for which they had often to pay very dearly. Likewise the statements of Monseigneur Sagot du Vauroux, moderate though they may seem, typify a great advance beyond ideas current throughout France in war time or immediately thereafter. If only we could say that American Catholics, with so much less to hamper them, had ventured nearer to a real grasp of those great problems of social morality upon which the future of Christianity, as a missionary effort, so surely depends. For modern conflict is, after all, a different thing from what war was in Saint Thomas's time. Then there could still be a question of rendering to "Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Today the people themselves are Caesar; and all depends upon what value and what form they set upon the conscience which shall tell them what to do with implements which now make war dangerous not merely to well-being but even to what ought to be, and so frequently is not—the unconquerable soul.

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WHAT IS CATHOLIC LEAKAGE?

By GERALD SHAUGHNESSY

In recent issues THE COMMONWEAL *has published articles and editorials on the important question of Catholic leakage. The following paper offers a different point of view. Claiming that those who assert, on the basis of the "Catholic Directory," that vast numbers are lost annually to the Church are simply crediting unreliable evidence, Father Shaughnessy—whose book on the religion of the immigrant attracted much attention some years ago—holds that the losses may be quite small. He offers a critique of the Catholic birth rate. Here then is a striking contribution on an engrossing subject.—The Editors.*

AN ARTICLE by Father John A. O'Brien in the December, 1931, issue of the *American Ecclesiastical Review,* entitled "Did We Lose Half a Million Catholics Last Year?" seems to be a repercussion of a paper by Father Elliot Ross in THE COMMONWEAL for June 10, 1931, under the heading, "The Catholic Birth Rate." Appended to the article by Father O'Brien is a short comment thereon by Father Ross. The three articles —Father Ross's in THE COMMONWEAL, Father O'Brien's in the *Ecclesiastical Review,* and Father Ross's accompanying comment thereon—all substantially agree that we did lose approximately half a million born Catholics in the year 1930. Since the first of the trio of papers appeared in the columns of THE COMMONWEAL, further discussion of the points at issue would seem to be in order here. Accordingly, at the request of the editor of THE COMMONWEAL, I propose to set forth my comment on these articles, particularly as to the validity of the statistics employed by Fathers O'Brien and Ross.

Father Ross's original thesis is that the birth rate, the death rate and the net natural-increase rate of the entire body of Catholics in the United States for the year 1930 can be ascertained by working out those three points for the Catholic population of eighty-four dioceses for which he finds returns on baptisms and deaths, as well as on population, in the 1931 issue of "The Official Catholic Directory" (i.e., for the year 1930). Then the resultant net natural-increase rate for these eighty-four dioceses he applies to the Catholic population for the entire 106 dioceses of the United States for the year 1929, as listed in "The Official Catholic Directory" for 1930. At least we must suppose that he thus applies his natural-increase rate to the 1929 population, though he does not state that he did, for obviously it is only the increase on the 1929 population that can be calculated as occurring during the year 1930. He finds that according to the net natural-increase rate which his precedent calculations had led him to adopt, the 1929 reported Catholic population of the entire continental United States (20,078,202 as he quotes it after deducting the figures for Alaska and Hawaii) should have registered an increase of over 500,000. Upon consulting the pages of "The Official Catholic Directory" for 1931, which lists, allowing for his Alaska and Hawaii deductions, a 1930 Catholic population of 20,091,593 for the entire United States, he finds an actual gain of only 13,391, or a net loss of some 26,000 when the convert gain of some 39,000 is deducted. Therefore, Father Ross concludes, "The Catholic Church must have lost in 1930 in the neighborhood of 500,000 born Catholics." Father O'Brien's article, so far as statistics or statistical methods are concerned, is a mere repetition of Father Ross's figures. What is here said of Father Ross applies equally, therefore, to Father O'Brien's paper and to Father Ross's own comment on that paper.

Father Ross's computation of the net Catholic natural-increase rate for eighty-four dioceses and his application of it to the entire Catholic population of the 106 dioceses of the country premises that "The Official Catholic Directory" gives for these eighty-four dioceses reliable annual information on three points absolutely essential for the validity of his statistical computation. (I specify "annual," for he chooses to stand on a comparison of the population statistics for 1929 and 1930 and on the net natural-increase rate which he contends is that of the year 1930.) The three points are: (a) the number of Catholic infant baptisms in 1930 in the eighty-four dioceses that report baptisms; (b) the number of Catholic deaths in the same eighty-four dioceses; (c) the Catholic population for each of the eighty-four dioceses (in order to ascertain their total Catholic population).

To justify Father Ross in applying universally to all the dioceses of the United States, i.e., to the entire Catholic population of the country, the rate which he adopts for the eighty-four dioceses, a fourth, equally essential, point confronts him: (d) He must know the actual total Catholic population of the United States as of December 31, 1929, as a basis upon which to be able to calculate the theoretical, rightfully to be expected, Catholic increase for the year 1930. A fifth and final, and no less essential, point then presents itself. Before he can calculate either loss or gain in the Catholic population of 1930, he must know (e) the actual Catholic population of the entire United States as of December 31, 1930.

I purposely refrain from mentioning here any question of the method which Father Ross used in his computations, as for example the advisability or necessity of adjusting the birth rate to allow for all factors that may affect it, such as the relative proportion of urban and rural population among Catholics, the proportion of males and females, the influence of nation-

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ality, the movement of immigration and emigration, etc. Father Ross takes his stand on "The Official Catholic Directory" statistics alone, although he is in error in not taking into account the factors suggested along with various others that might be mentioned. I say he takes his stand on the "Directory" statistics alone, for the fact that he does notice the factor of mixed marriage does not militate strongly against this statement. Hence it is sufficient, and it is only possible, to consider the "Directory" statistics in answering or criticizing his argument. This course, too, will avoid beclouding the issue with intricate technicalities.

We must do Father Ross the honor of believing that he considers it as certain that he is in possession of the necessary information on the five points cited as essential. Otherwise he would hardly have sponsored the conclusion that he did, for if that conclusion is false it is a gross calumny on the Catholic Church of the United States. Father Ross believes himself exculpated on the theory that the statistics of the "Official Directory" are trustworthy. To bolster his view he uses the naive argument that they can be trusted to the same extent "for the population figures as the federal census of religion can be trusted." "For," he adds, "the Census Bureau simply gets its figures from the church officials." This is true, but Father Ross should realize that his statement is equivalent to saying that "The Official Catholic Directory" can be trusted just as much as "The Official Catholic Directory" can be trusted. As an argument that is surely naive. To cite the Federal Census Bureau adds no weight to his argument from authority if it is, as is the case, but his other authority in another form.

Now to what extent, actually, can the "Directory" be trusted? Let us see.

Here Father O'Brien warns us all to be very careful: "The general trustworthiness of the figures of 'The Official Catholic Directory,'" he says, "cannot be impugned by the merely gratuitous assertion of their inaccuracy." One might rejoin that neither can the general trustworthiness of these figures be established by the merely gratuitous assertion of their accuracy. I have elsewhere discussed at considerable length this question of the general trustworthiness of the figures of "The Official Catholic Directory" (cf. "Has the Immigrant Kept the Faith?", chapter xii. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1925).

I shall now strive in the paragraphs which follow to be very specific in my examination of Father Ross's computation, and of the statistics that Father O'Brien so humbly avails himself of in accepting without question the work of Father Ross, loaded as it is with danger and suspect, if for no other reason than that his conclusion is in itself unreasonable and therefore to be embraced only after absolutely every possibility of error has been eliminated. Father O'Brien is more exacting with others than he is with himself. As I proceed to this examination, his words fly up at me in a warning challenge: "If anyone seeks to find any escape from the conclusion that the Church lost about half a million born Catholics in 1930—and it is to be hoped that someone will try—the writer would merely remind him that the conclusion cannot be driven out of existence by mere protest, nor knocked over by mere theories unsupported by factual evidence." In accepting this challenge, I shall adduce from no other source than "The Official Catholic Directory" itself the cold factual evidence and the inexorable logic that Fathers O'Brien and Ross should have availed themselves of—evidence, furthermore, that would have fairly leaped at them had they subjected the "Directory" to even the most cursory of examinations.

Let me proceed, then, to test the accuracy of "The Official Catholic Directory" figures on the five points mentioned above.

Points (a) and (b), namely the infant baptisms and the deaths in the eighty-four dioceses that report these items for 1930, will be taken up first. Table I presents the baptism and death returns as listed by the 1930 and the 1931 issues of the "Directory," for ten of Father Ross's eighty-four dioceses and for three others which, despite Father Ross's non-inclusion of them in his list, present us statistics on these points.

TABLE I

BAPTISM AND DEATH STATISTICS FOR CERTAIN DIOCESES AS LISTED BY "THE OFFICIAL CATHOLIC DIRECTORY" FOR 1930 AND 1931

Diocese	*Baptisms, 1930*	*Baptisms, 1931*	*Deaths, 1930*	*Deaths, 1931*
St. Louis	9,000[1]	9,000	4,789[1]	4,789
Cleveland	17,023[2]	17,023	5,518[2]	5,518
El Paso	6,305	6,305	1,479	1,479
Indianapolis	3,787	3,787	1,937	1,937
Lincoln	1,305[3]	1,305	253[3]	253
Manchester	4,142	4,142	1,256	1,256
Ogdensburg	3,212	3,212	1,501	1,501
Peoria	3,504[1]	3,504	1,295[1]	1,295
Rockford	1,637[1]	1,637	737[1]	743
St. Augustine	1,030[4]	1,030	238[4]	238
Savannah	521	521	206	206
Winona	2,196	2,019	673	673
Pittsburgh, Greek	7,240	7,240	4,786	4,786

[1] Reprint from 1929 issue.
[2] Reprint from 1928 and 1929.
[3] Reprint from 1927, 1928 and 1929.
[4] Reprint from 1922 to 1931 inclusive.

It is hardly necessary to draw the conclusion. Not even Father O'Brien or Father Ross, I am sure, will contend that the baptism and death statistics for the thirteen dioceses cited are reliable. Not even Father O'Brien or Father Ross will oppose the conclusion that the 1931 figures, those precisely on which Father Ross bases the foundation of his argument, are a mere reprint of the 1930 figures. "The figures for infant baptisms ought to be accurate," Father Ross says. Alas, it is very often quite fallacious to argue from what

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ought to be to what is. Again naively, Father Ross falsely thinks that the obligation of the pastor to be careful in registering baptisms in the parish register carries over to bind him in sending these returns to "The Official Catholic Directory," which is quite another proposition entirely. The point, then, on which Father Ross counted most, is of little value, for if thirteen dioceses repeat their baptism (and death) statistics, one might venture the further suspicion that other dioceses are not so careful as they might be even with the baptism and death statistics when it is a question of reporting them to the "Directory." Indeed there is at hand abundant evidence to develop this point. But I remember that Father O'Brien is not a man of theory; he demands facts, and therefore I will continue to present plain, unadorned, digestible facts without intricate argument. Before proceeding to the third point, I remark of the statistics cited in Table I, as indicated in the foot-notes: for St. Louis they are found also appearing in the 1929 "Directory"; for Cleveland in the 1928 and 1929 issues; for Lincoln in the 1929, 1928 and 1927 issues, while the 1925 and 1926 issues are also duplicates of each other on these points; for Peoria in the 1929 issue.

St. Augustine deserves separate notice. Father Ross finds it worthy of special mention in his article to state that the St. Augustine birth rate for 1930 was 20.2 and the death rate for the same diocese was 4.7. Such a peculiar phenomenon as the last-named figure bore for him no warning. Yet with greater tenacity of purpose and with even more Spartan inflexibility than the celebrated intonation, "Alabama casts twenty-four votes for Underwood," St. Augustine for the years 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930 and 1931 informs an astounded world that the births each year were exactly 1,030 and the deaths exactly 238. Shall we conclude that the Creator, in playful mood, was performing a mathematical miracle, or that nature executed a phenomenal coincidence, or shall we accept the explanation that, unbelievable as it is to Father Ross, the vaunted baptism and death figures are of little or no value? But Father O'Brien will object that only thirteen of the eighty-four dioceses are touched by the foregoing; he would say, perhaps, that the remaining seventy-one give solid basis for conclusions. The thirteen cited, he might say, are mere isolated cases. We need not argue that question. There are yet other questions to come up for consideration, as we pass from the conclusion that the numerical returns on baptisms and deaths are unreliable.

I now take up point (c)—the Catholic population of the eighty-four dioceses for the year 1930 as listed by "The Official Catholic Directory" for 1931, or for the year 1929, which is pretty much the same thing (in more senses than one, as a glance at Table II will disclose).

It is putting it very mildly when we conclude from Table II that Father Ross was not justified in believing that he had trustworthy figures to deal with when he

Table II

Catholic Population Statistics for Certain of the 84 Dioceses as listed by "The Official Catholic Directory" for 1930 and 1931.

Diocese	*Population, 1930*	*Population, 1931*
St. Louis[1]	440,000	440,000
San Francisco[2]	350,000	350,000
Cleveland[1]	540,193	540,193
Columbus[1]	140,186	140,186
Concordia[1]	41,118	41,200
Duluth	64,000	64,000
El Paso	119,623	119,623
Green Bay[2]	175,000	175,000
Kansas City[1]	80,000	80,000
La Crosse[1]	120,123	120,123
Lincoln[1]	41,332	41,332
Monterey-Fresno[1]	76,800	76,800
Ogdensburg[1]	107,504	107,504
Peoria[2]	117,742	117,742
St. Augustine[1]	51,014	51,014
Savannah	18,875	18,875
Seattle[1]	91,000	91,000
Syracuse	201,142	201,150
Winona[1]	68,800	68,800
Pittsburgh, Greek[1]	309,046	309,046

[1] See Table III for evidence of long-standing repetition of identical figures.

[2] Repeated from 1929 also.

accepted the "Directory" population figures for the dioceses in question, for again we see that the 1931 figures are a mere reprint of those of 1930 in these cases, and yet he absolutely depends on their accuracy. Apparently, too, Father Ross did not compare the population of the dioceses at the beginning and at the end of the year 1930, as a proper statistical method would demand. I say "apparently," for surely had he done so he could not have missed noticing the repetition of identical figures, and had he noticed it he could not in conscience have issued such conclusions as he arrived at. Again I point out the self-evident truth that another of Father Ross's essential premises is demolished.

Points (d) and (e) may be handled together. Another table will still more impress upon the reader the unbelievable untrustworthiness of "The Official Catholic Directory" statistics far more than any mere statement that repetition is to be found on even a grander scale than Table II evidences. And, too, these "tables" will present the indisputable evidence of my statements to any other "investigator" who may be too weary to search through the issues of the "Directory," or too awed by the word "Official" in its title to question its authority. The fact is that the repetition brought to notice is not an isolated phenomenon to be observed only in the year 1930, nor is it confined to the dioceses cited in Table II. The fact is that "The Official Catholic Directory" statistics do not represent the result of a census in any sense of the term. Nor, incidentally, do its editors make that claim for it.

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TABLE III

CATHOLIC POPULATION STATISTICS FOR CERTAIN DIOCESES AS LISTED BY "THE OFFICIAL CATHOLIC DIRECTORY," 1925 TO 1931

Diocese	*Catholic Population as Listed in the Year,*						
	1925	*1926*	*1927*	*1928*	*1929*	*1930*	*1931*
Boston	900,000	900,000[1]	997,000	999,000	999,000	1,019,000[2]	1,039,000[2]
Chicago	1,150,000[3]	1,250,000	—[4]	—	—	—	1,250,000
Cincinnati	220,000	—	—	—	—	220,000	
Milwaukee		300,000	—	300,000	310,000	—	310,000
New York	1,273,291[5]	—	—	—	—	1,273,291	1,272,291
St. Louis	435,693	—	435,693	440,000	—	—	440,000
San Antonio						181,776	181,776
Cleveland				540,193	—	—	540,193
Columbus			140,184	140,184	140,186	—	140,186
Concordia	41,118	—	—	—	—	41,118	41,200
Fargo	69,871[6]	—	—	—	—	—	69,871
Great Falls	32,425	—	—	—	—	—	32,425
Grand Rapids				145,000	—	145,000	
Kansas City	80,000	—	—	—	—	—	80,000
La Crosse	117,152	—	—	—	117,152	120,123	120,123
Lincoln			41,332	—	—	—	41,332
Monterey-Fresno				76,800	—	—	76,800
Ogdensburg				107,504	—	—	107,504
Peoria					117,742	—	117,742
Rockford					60,603	—	60,603
St. Augustine	51,014[7]	—	—	—	—	—	51,014
Seattle			91,000	—	—	—	91,000
Winona	68,800[5]	—	—	—	—	—	68,800
Pittsburgh, Greek				309,046	—	—	309,046

[1] Repeated yearly since 1910.
[2] Note the even 20,000 increase.
[3] Repeated yearly since 1906 (deducting for creation of see of Rockford).
[4] —signifies the preceding figure is repeated.
[5] Repeated yearly since 1920.
[6] Repeated yearly since 1919.
[7] Repeated yearly since 1922.

In Table III statistics are given for ten additional dioceses not listed in Table II, while those of Table II that present points of special interest are studied further. In the case of nearly all those listed in Table III, the habit of repeating or reprinting is seen to go back several years. Moreover, as indicated by the foot-notes, the situation is even worse than the statistics for the years 1925 to 1931 alone would lead one to believe, bad as that situation is. Thus the archdiocese of Boston lists year after year from 1910 to 1926, inclusive, a Catholic population of 900,000. Chicago reported 1,150,000 yearly from 1906 to 1925, inclusive (a change from 1,200,000 to 1,150,000 being explained by a deduction made when the see of Rockford was erected). From 1920 to 1931 New York faithfully reported 1,273,291, except in 1923 and 1931 when unfortunate typographical errors marred an otherwise perfect record. Previous to 1920 1,200,000 had been a favorite figure for New York from 1900 on through a great many years, until it was supplanted by 1,219,920 which held the fort until the 1920 figure took possession. Fargo's 69,871 goes back to 1919; St. Augustine's 51,014 originates in 1922; and Winona's 68,800 is an heirloom from 1920.

The fact is, as the preceding table and paragraph show, that "The Official Catholic Directory" statistics not only do not represent a census of the Catholics of the United States but they can hardly be considered as even a fair estimate, unless one knows how to correct them. The two final points, namely the Catholic population for the entire United States for the beginning and the end of the year 1930, upon the accuracy of which Father Ross's arguments finally stand or fall, are, then, also proved utterly untrustworthy.

What, then, is the conclusion as to the validity of Father Ross's computation? As indicated there are five points, on absolutely every one of which he needs accurate information to justify his argument. If he fails to attain accuracy on any single one of the points, his line of argument must be rejected. Now he failed not merely on one, or two or three or four, he failed on absolutely every one of the five. So far as it purports to be a statistical dissertation, Father Ross's paper must be branded as a groundless, inaccurate and fallacious attempt to solve the vexing problem to which he fondly thought he had found the key. Nor can he find any solace in the fortuitous circumstance that the Catholic death rate of 12.0 at which he arrived, agrees

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with the registration-area rate which he quotes as announced by the Census Bureau, for whether it is actually correct or not, he arrived at it by the use of untrustworthy statistics. Even granting that his Catholic death rate is correct, there simply exists no conceivable rule or principle of logic that will permit him to deduce anything whatsoever as to the acceptability of any other figure of which he avails himself.

It is impossible in the limits of this paper, just as it is entirely unnecessary, to give here separate consideration to Father Ross's method as distinct from the question of the accuracy of the statistics he used. Valid or otherwise—and I may say it lays itself wide open to attack on several counts, as hinted in a previous paragraph—the method used by him is quite secondary to the "statistics" upon which he based his statements.

Finally as to the concrete conclusion which Father Ross reached, namely that the Church in the United States is not holding its own, I think it may be confidently asserted that it has not yet been proved that Our Saviour excluded America from His promise when He said: "Behold I am with you all days." For "quod nimis probat, nihil probat" (if you prove too much, you prove nothing at all); and if the Church lost 500,000 born Catholics in 1930, it must have been losing the same proportionate amount—namely, *all of its natural increase*—every year for the past century and more, for I may ask what phenomenal cause is so peculiar to conditions in 1930 that the alleged loss can be confined to that year. In fact, though Father Ross's subject was contraception, which, incidentally, should posit a low birth rate instead of a high one, there were far more and stronger reasons militating against the chances of the Church advancing during previous decades than during the present one or during last year. Father Ross's statistical machine, I am afraid, has created a Frankenstein monster which will do an untold amount of harm unless he find a way to destroy it. And even then it is beyond the possibility of the fondest dreams of logic and common sense that Father O'Brien should prove to be the only one misled by that "monster."

OUTPOST OF EMPIRE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN I read that Herbert Eugene Bolton, "Sather Professor of History and director of the Bancroft Library of the University of California," had been chosen as president by his colleagues of the American Historical Association, at the annual meeting of that society (one of the most vitally important of all our cultural forces), his most recent book happened to be on my desk for review. And the gratifying news of the professional recognition and the accolade of honorable distinction thus accorded Herbert Bolton is so happily symbolical of the success he has achieved, and it brought to mind so many considerations connected with the background of his work, that instead of writing a review of his book, in the usual sense of that word, it became necessary for me to write whatever it may be called, which follows. Of course, it is not necessary, in the strict sense of the term, for you to read his book; but if you don't you will miss an opportunity to know something about a first-class man: and such a man is even more important than so valuable, so readable, so important, a book as "Outpost of Empire."

In his tiny office up above the gargantuan stacks and shelves and cases, floor above floor, which house the enormous collection of books, maps, papers and manuscripts having to do with Spanish-American history, known as the Bancroft Library, through which he had hurried me at a breath-taking pace (it was my breath which had been taken away: his was not, even although all the time he had been talking), Herbert Bolton unrolled a huge map of America, showing the northern part of the continent fully, and the southern part less fully, yet quite enough—considering the special purpose of that map. "There!" said he, darting a firm forefinger to a particular spot, his blue eyes—the clear, far-seeing eyes of a sailor or a hunter—shining with that clear, steady glow you see only in the eyes of men who are very much alive and whose enthusiasm is fully controlled by their reason. "There; that's San Francisco! And see for yourself how all these lines come together here." The lines sprang from places on the Atlantic coast, and from places in Central and South America. They represented paths of explorations, and starting points of expeditions of discovery, or of the migrations of different racial groups of the population of the United States. And, as if some psychic magnet were set within the Golden Gate, all these lines of influence, of adventure, of trade and traffic, of spiritual quests (such as that of the missionaries), or of the search after El Dorado, or pots of gold—lumps of gold, rather—at the end of the rainbow in the West, swept in a sort of mystical dance across the vast plains and the mountain ranges to find a rendezvous in San Francisco.

He explained it all; but I need not attempt to record his explanation; in fact it could not be done, for that explanation is spread throughout Bolton's many books, and his years of lecturing. Suffice it to say that the graph summed up, at least for him, those pregnant ideas, and tremendous researches, which it has been his life-work to expound and carry through, dealing with the influences which Spanish culture, as developed in Latin America, has exerted on the history and the civilization of the United States.

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Now, of course, I realize that this sketch of Bolton and his graph may wrongly suggest the pedant: the professor riding a hobby. Professors who are pedants (and, of course, plenty of pedants who aren't professors) love to make all sorts of charts and graphs and mysterious statistical whirligigs; but that does not mean that charts and graphs and statistical tables haven't their proper and practical uses. It all depends upon the person who makes or uses them—like most things in life. And if ever there was a professor—if ever there was an expert—who escaped all taint of pedantry, I think his name is Herbert Eugene Bolton. He is the only historian I happen to know about, with the exception of Hilaire Belloc, who does most of his work outside of and far away from his study; who when he travels on his researches does not merely go from his library at home to a library somewhere else (though of course he does that as well), but who rides or tramps over every mile, yes, every square yard, of the battle-field, or the line of march of an army or an exploration party which he may be studying; measuring things for himself; seeing for himself; and breathing the air and invoking the actual life of the lands and the people of his studies. For example, in preparing to write about Juan Bautista Anza's great, perhaps unique, expeditions which led to the founding of San Francisco (the fascinating story of which is told in "Outpost of Empire") Bolton spent months in the field. He is able to remark:

> I think I can say without dissent that no pioneer routes of such length in any country's history have ever been so thoroughly explored and identified as I have explored and identified these. Anza traveled twice and back from Mexico City to Monterey (once to Suisun Bay), a distance of ten thousand miles. Between these points I have retraced exactly or approximately his entire journeys.

On horseback, or on foot, or in a motor car now and then, and here and there, camping out in deserts, or on mountains, not only talking, of course, the language of the Spanish-speaking folk among whom he traveled, but knowing at first hand how they live today as well as how they lived in the days of the great explorations —himself thoroughly and completely a North American of the old English, Protestant stock, but sympathizing with as well as understanding the Catholic Iberians and Indians, or mixed stocks, of the Latin lands—this professor of history really professed his subject. Therefore a breath of life like a clear, strong, steady wind—the sort of crystalline air that moves among the sands and pines and hills of the Southwest country—fills every page of this latest of his books, in which he has summed up the quintessence of almost innumerable previous volumes of documents and records and descriptions of the statesmen and soldiers and priests and hunters and traders from Spain who played their great or their little parts in the high romance of the founding of two empires, of two civilizations: the Spanish-American, and that of the United States.

And what adventures of his own have gone to the making of this book! It was a pleasing experience to ferry his car on one occasion on a tiny pango boat across the Fuerte River; but it was not so funny (at the time) to have his Ford car swamped in the shallows of the Sonora River near Ures, and wait weary hours for a span of mules to come along and pull him out; although, looking back at the incident, perhaps it is amusing to remember how one contemptuous mule refused the job, kicked himself out of his harness, and left his more patient mate to do the work. And surely it must be pleasant now to remember how the delay led to the night being passed in a humble ranch house by the roadside, where the neighbors for many miles about assembled, and listened nearly all night long, smoking cigarettes, and with the scent of cedar logs coming from the fireplace, while the Yankee professor told them tale after tale of Juan Bautista Anza, and Padre Pedro Font, his sturdy chaplain, and of the Indian chieftain, Palma, who saved the fate of Anza's expedition at the Yuma River. How these story-telling, tradition-remembering, very lovable (when you get to know them) Spanish-Americans must have enoyed that memorable night! The Yankee professor modestly says that he at least profited, for at last he was weary enough to sleep soundly "on the soft side of an adobe brick floor, jokingly called by our kindly hostess *una cama de esprings.*" But he profited from that experience and hundreds of other adventures, in more ways than that. As his book reveals so clearly.

It would, however, be doing Bolton and his book an injury if anything I have said above should send readers to him who merely are looking for the adventurous and romantic sort of historical writing. Bolton's adventures, and his romantic journeys, get scanty mention in his pages. The greater adventures, and the supreme romance, of Anza, and Palou, and Serra, and Garces, and John Smith, and Salvador Palma (otherwise known as Olleyquotequiebe, the Indian chieftain), and the Viceroy Bucareli, and Don Hugo O'Conor (one of the soldiers of Irish stock which the flight of the Wild Geese out of conquerered Ireland gave to the service of Spain in America), and all the other conquistadors, missionaries, state officials and colonists who pass through the pageant of his simple and virile prose—these are what he is concerned with. Also, let it be remembered that adventures and romance are not isolated from other primary concerns of the epic of the founding of two empires, two civilizations, which is the proper subject of this constructive historian. Throughout his long career he has held steadily to one inspiring purpose: which was to bring to the knowledge of American students and readers the truth concerning the part played by the Spanish-American explorations, missionary work, colonizing, cultural influences, not merely in the main region of the Spanish conquest, in Central and South America, but within and upon the history and culture of the United States.

The thesis which underlies all his work is briefly yet

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quite sufficiently reëxpressed in the first chapter of "Outpost of Empire." It is a thesis which runs counter to that on which for the most part the history of the United States has been built, namely, that except for merely incidental, and mostly vexatious and rather disreputable, early episodes in which the Spanish figured, and except also, of course, for a few paragraphs, so to speak, dealing with the failures of other foreigners such as the French, and the Dutch, United States history and United States life and culture came out of English history, English efforts, English influence—and out of English success as compared with Spanish failure. As Bolton puts the matter:

> The southern fringe of the United States was once an area lightly sprinkled with Spanish outposts, and criss-crossed with Spanish trails. These Spanish borderlands have had a picturesque, a romantic and an important history. They have had special significance as parts of the vast Spanish Empire. They are unique as the meeting place of two streams of European civilization. They have been potent factors in the inter-relations between nations. As parts of the Spanish Empire these borderlands have been sadly misunderstood in this country. They have been regarded as typical of Spanish America, and from this erroneous assumption false inferences have been drawn regarding Spain's part in the making of Western Hemisphere civilization. It used to be the fashion to teach our children that Spain failed; that the Spanish did not colonize but merely explored; that they killed off all the Indians; that the Spaniards were mere gold-seekers, whereas the English came to America to found homes and build commonwealths, forgetting that gold-seekers have been known to do both of these commendable things. This antithesis between the Spanish pick and the English hoe is after all somewhat fanciful and has been greatly overworked. A pioneer wrote: "There was no talke, no hope, no worke, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold. Such a bruite of gold, as one mad fellow desired to bee buried in the sandes, lest they should by their art make gold of his bones." Surprisingly enough, this auriferous wail came not from one of Cortes's gold-seeking Spaniards, but from one of John Smith's Virginia home-builders. A grammar school text recently published by two very distinguished university professors contains the statement, inserted without visible sign of humor, that Spain did not colonize America, but merely tried to hold it to keep other nations out.

As Bolton himself points out, the reason for such one-sided and partial and hence misleading, and therefore injurious, teaching came from the fact that for the most part United States history has been written "in isolation, apart from its setting in the history of the entire Western Hemisphere, of which the United States are but a part." It has been the habit to restrict the study of "American history" in our schools "to the region between the forty-ninth parallel and the Gulf of Mexico, as though that area were an inclusive and exclusive entity, and were synonomous with America." Whereas, of course, as Bolton, and with him an increasing number of realistic history writers and teachers, now convincingly relate, Spain's outposts in what are now the United States were merely a portion of the far frontier of a vast empire. This empire was the region of a marvelously successful Catholic civilization. Its universities were flourishing long before the earliest educational efforts in the English colonies were attempted. It was sprinkled with splendid cities. It had its own art and literature. Its native races were not extinguished, nor wholly subjugated culturally in spite of all the real injuries and abuses they suffered, but were kept very much alive, were drawn largely into the stream of the transplanted culture of Spain, and contributed vitally to that stream, as contemporary developments in Spanish America amply demonstrate. Nor did that Spanish culture fail to influence deeply and permanently the underlying springs of civilization in the United States. What Spain accomplished in California, Arizona, New Mexico, Florida, Texas, even so far north as Georgia and Virginia, was not wholly abortive. It is not to be disposed of in mere foot-notes of failure stuck at the bottom of the records of Protestant English achievement—which truly form a glorious epic. Increasingly it becomes evident that the settling and civilizing of the United States was far indeed from being so wholly English and so triumphantly Protestant as the bulk of United States history would have the job to be. It is now apparent that much of this history, like much of the mistaken tradition that flows from it, is as biased and one-sided as that great bulk of biased and one-sided history, and general literature taking its cue from history, which has been produced in England and Scotland since Queen Elizabeth's time down till quite recently, in which nearly everything that was Spanish, and French, and Italian—in a word, which was Catholic—was either ignored or misrepresented.

A just appreciation of the whole story of the United States will only be possible when more books like this splendid one of Herbert Bolton's complete the necessary task of redressing the balance, and when United States history that really is United States history and not mere racial glorifications of either the English, or the Dutch, or the French, or the Spanish elements, is produced. In its trail will come an enrichment and enlargement of general literature and of the arts—of native culture as a whole. Bolton's "Outpost of Empire" vividly and truthfully relates the wonderful marches of Anza and the founding of San Francisco. They were not mere soldiers or lusting gold-seekers that marched behind his banner and his sword. There were colonists as well as soldiers; and the priests who built the missions whose mellifluous names make the chart of California, as Charles Warren Stoddard once remarked, seem like a litany of the saints. They marched bearing grains, and the vine, bringing craftsmen and artists. The book therefore is a great chapter of the story of American civilization, and not the record of an ephemeral adventure; and in this respect the book is well named indeed: it is an outpost of the coming empire of a civilization still growing toward full expression and maturity.

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ETHICS ON SOLID GROUND

By RUSSELL WILBUR

IN A RECENT issue of a local newspaper my good friend and neighbor Rabbi Isserman, the successor of the late widely known Rabbi Leon Harrison in the Temple Israel of St. Louis, made certain statements which are so common among non-Catholics, which find so frequently a somewhat modified confirmation at the hands of Catholic writers, such as Professors Carlton J. H. Hayes, Parker T. Moon, etc., and which are such a specious mixture of truth, half-truth and error, that I am moved to comment upon these statements in your columns if you are willing to permit me; particularly as I think THE COMMONWEAL is inclined occasionally to lean toward the Isserman side with reference to a certain internationalism, etc.

Rabbi Isserman declared that the world's famine today is a spiritual famine and that its salvation must come "not from the protocols of statesmen" but from "the vision of the prophets." A challenge, he says, has come

> to Christians and Mohammedans and Buddhists. The challenge comes to all to free themselves from narrow nationalism, from arrogant racial claims, including the arrogance of the chosen people, from denominational distinctions, from tribal boundaries, to give mankind the spiritual urge which it needs.
>
> Who can question that mankind needs it today? Who can question that unless we develop spiritually we shall end up in disaster? Who can question that only by a new powerful morality can mankind become master of the machines that science has made possible, instead of their slaves? . . .
>
> The existence of abundance amidst suffering, of want amidst plenty, the increase of crime and armaments, the development of racial pride and national arrogance, the tightening of group and clan loyalties, these indicate that more than anything else, mankind needs a spiritual awakening, and religion needs a new reformation.

Thus Rabbi Isserman. The writer would be the first to maintain that we shall be wrecked by the machine process industry and its inevitable cultural concomitants unless we achieve, not as the Rabbi says "a new morality," but a very great deepening and reapplication to new conditions of our traditional morality. Nor can this deepening and reapplication of our traditional morality be adequately achieved without a concomitant deepening and reapplication of the tenets of our traditional theology. In short, our traditional theological and ethical heritage needs not to be scrapped but to be "loved deeplier, darklier understood."

So much the writer would gladly concede to Rabbi Isserman; and would, needless to say, agree that no one ought to be arrogant whether racially, nationally, ecclesiastically, or any other way.

But for the rest the light that is in the Rabbi's statements seems to the present writer to be largely darkness. The notion that men can be made happier and their welfare promoted by reducing them to an undifferentiated mass, deracialized, denationalized, declassified, undenominationalized, unsectarianized, is surely one of the silliest notions that ever became dangerously fashionable; and could be born nowhere but in the shallow, feverish and scrambled intellects of the modern intelligentsia; finding an echo, one must admit, in the minds of highly overspecialized and one-sided modern intellectuals (Einstein!) who give themselves an intellectual holiday and an emotional jag when they go outside of their own specialty.

It is fully natural to man to be passionately attached to particular persons, places, things and events; it is "natural" in the good sense of that term where by "nature" is meant that endowment proper to man which "grace" completes but does not destroy. Indeed there is no deeper or more prevailing law in the spiritual world than that the supra-rational-irrational[1]

[1] There is, of course, nothing in the least anti-rational in the "supra-rational-irrational"; but I have deliberately chosen the term "irrational" rather than non-rational because I am writing against a shallow and vapid "rationalism" which denies the legitimacy of patriotic and other particularisms because their legitimacy is not easily and obviously evident to mere reason unless mere reason, when reasoning concerning religious and ethical matters, knows how to fuse itself with the moral sentiments; unless it proceeds, that is, upon what Cardinal Newman, who throughout his whole life waged unceasing war upon this same shallow "rationalism" against which we are here contending, was accustomed to call sound *first principles;* meaning thereby those fundamental ethical truths which are morally rather than logically discerned, a doctrine, by the way, which is by no means foreign to, or overlooked by, Aristotle and Saint Thomas in their ethical teaching.

The writer has another and profounder reason for deliberately preferring the provocative term "irrational" to the more colorless "non-rational." The term "irrational" connotes more readily the feebleness of reason *in divinis.* This feebleness and clumsiness of mere reason is well illustrated by the famous distincton between the *absolute power* and the *ordinate power* of God, especially as that distinction is employed by the profoundest theologians. According to His *absolute power* God can do anything which does not involve a logical contradiction, anything which has, as they say in the schools, the *ratio entis;* i.e., anything which is logically conceivable. According to his *ordinate power,* which of course is the only way in which He ever does act, God cannot do anything which is inconsistent with His wisdom, goodness, etc. For instance, according to His *absolute power* God can forgive an impenitent sinner; there is nothing logically impossible in the thought. But according to His *ordinate power* He does not do so; and there is something radically repugnant to our moral sentiment in the thought of His doing so. The existence and utility of this famous distinction shows clearly how quickly our reason gets out of its depth in divine things and what a root of "irrationality," so far at any rate as human reason is concerned, there is in the very foundation of reality itself. A similar "irrationality," that is, a *de facto* disproportionality of life to logic, of reality to mere reason divorced from moral sentiment, affects also the very foundations of ethics. And may the writer say, concluding this foot-note, that he is well aware that there are implicit in what is experienced as the "moral sentiments" certain fundamental ethical judgments.

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(the supernatural) is mediated to us almost entirely through the sub-rational-irrational, that is, through the life of emotion, instinct and imagination and through the stimulus and ministry of material things. This law prevails everywhere in religion except perhaps in the case of the extraordinary ("infused") states of prayer enjoyed by the mystics; it is the very *raison d'être* of the whole incarnational-sacramental economy and of course the very life of the fine arts since, for men as men actually are, there is always something *quasi*-supernatural in everything supremely beautiful.

A certain lively, rich and poignantly realized *particularism* is an absolute necessity for every at all normal and wholesome human life. One should live one's self deeply into one's racial, national, provincial, occupational, domestic and creedal particulars; just as one should live one's self deeply into one's own personal singularity.

It is perfectly true that humility, namely, the habit of seeing one's self not as one likes to think one is but as one really is, and of acting accordingly, is in a sense the beginning, the root and the foundation of all sound personal character, not to say sanctity. It is equally true that humility must have regard not merely to the individual in his singular-ego but in each of his group-egos, racial, national, economical-social, ecclesiastical, etc. Probably many persons would achieve sanctity who now fail if they were as humble with reference to the groups to which they belong as they are humble with reference to their merely singular selves. Who that is familiar with religious has not known many a monk, friar, clerk regular, nun, Sister of Charity, etc., who had achieved an almost supernal individual humility; vitiated and poisoned, however, by an almost diabolical group pride; thin-lipped, sanctimonious, mincing, but underneath venomous and deadly when the glories, the merits, the interests of other religious institutes than his or her own are involved?

Self-criticism then, not only of one's individual ego but of those group-egos which are as it were interfused with one's own singular-ego, is an indispensable necessity of every healthy moral life; and not only this, but groups themselves as well as individuals should learn to practise self-criticism and school themselves to humility.

But the fact remains that healthy-minded men and women everywhere will always abound in the sense of their group attachments and loyalties. However attractive at first blush and at short acquaintance, no one is usually more deadly dull and more thoroughly unreliable than your typical cosmopolite. He is usually deadly dull because he is usually *unvital* emotionally and is himself bored to death; unreliable because without habitude of particular loyalties. As for much that calls itself internationalism, it is hardly more than mere cosmopolitanism sentimentalized or, on the other hand, "all sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Typical internationalism then is usually something extraordinarily shallow, thin, intellectually and emotionally poverty-stricken; but underneath it there often lurks unconsciously a more sinister or at least a more interested motive. When one is for instance a Jew living in New York and in touch with relatives in Frankfort, who are in touch with relatives in Budapest, who are in touch with relatives in Constantinople, who are in touch with relatives in Trebizond, who are in touch with relatives in Samarkand or Bokhara, etc., etc., etc., it is not for nothing that one is an internationalist, particularly in view of the fact that one has few roots in, and perhaps only superficial sympathy with, the culture of the land in which one lives. As for bankers and corporation financiers, Gentile or Jew, just as the proverbial misanthrope who lived in the era of the French Revolution wished that mankind had only one neck that it might thus conveniently be guillotined, so, no doubt, these bankers and corporation financiers with international interests wish that men had only one government (so much more easy to gain control of than numerous governments), one way of life, one set of habits of thought and feeling, so that, humanity being poured as it were into one big milk pan, it might be just so much easier to skim there-off all the cream. This is the ulterior purpose which plays our intellectualists, our Nicholas Murray Butlers and, alas, our dear Jane Addamses, like so many puppets on wires. This is the end which Rabbi Isserman is unconsciously serving when he is so eager to reduce humanity into one deracialized, denationalized, declassified, undenominationalized, nonsectarianized, and consequently ethically-emotionally *devitalized* mass.

It is precisely because the masses of our Catholic people are so vital ethically and emotionally that in every nation they instinctively reject internationalism and pacifism. (There never was a more typically Catholic saint than Saint Joan of Arc!)

Pacifism instinctive Catholics reject, because they apprehend at least confusedly the great truth that, as a result of the fall of our first parents and the corruption of nature which remains even in those who are in the state of grace, our probation here below consists, in no small degree, in using physical force ethically; whether in the education of one's children, or in the defense of one's person and property and that of one's neighbors against unjust aggressors, or in the defense of one's fatherland and of the rights of its children. Every ethically and emotionally vital Catholic knows instinctively what every deeply and consistently intelligent and thoughtful Catholic knows rationally, that one cannot balk the consequences of the fall of our first parents and of the universal corruption of human nature: the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence is the law of human life; and unless one chooses to withdraw from the world to live according to the counsels of perfection, one has the right and even to a certain extent the duty of playing the game of life according to the law of the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence.

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One is morally bound to moderate the struggle for existence in definite ways in accordance with the dictates of justice and indefinitely, as far as the traffic will bear, in accordance with the dictates of charity. But when all is said and done, militarism and not pacifism, nationalism and not internationalism, a certain imperialism, even, and not a doctrinaire scheme of racial and national equality, private property and private enterprise and not Communism, carniverousness (!) and not vegetarianism, clothes and not paradisiacal nakedness, coercive government and not anarchistic coöperation, are the law of human life in the state of fallen nature and in the state of recuperating nature.

Between mankind and realized pacifism, etc., etc., etc., there stands barring the way, and will continue to stand while the world lasts, the Angel with the Flaming Sword which turns this way and that way—the flaming sword of human concupiscence—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life.

Pacifism, etc., our Catholic people instinctively rejects for the above reasons, but all attempts to reduce humanity to an undifferentiated mass it rejects, not only because such attempts are impossible in view of the corruption of our fallen or recuperating nature, but much more because they are contrary to the rich and lively *particularism,* as we have called it, which is one of the deepest laws of our nature, fallen or unfallen, corrupted or uncorrupted.

Catholic editors and professors in New York, Washington, South Bend, Milwaukee and elsewhere may take up the fashions of the day and compete with Nicholas Murray Butler and even Jane Addams for their laurels; officials of the Roman Curia may find it politically expedient to smile upon great internationalist politicians sincere or insincere; the Pope himself may use casually benignant language which seems almost to confer a benediction upon the internationalist government seated in Geneva in the place of John Calvin and Jean-Jacques Rousseau; but our Catholic people remains firm. The *sensus fidelium* is after all, thank God, one of the *fontes theologicae*—one of the inexhaustible sources of Catholic truth!

All religion, Christianity, Catholicism, deeply and sanely lived, is full of a *grand tragic irony*. The saints absorb this irony into something deeper, into the peace that surpasseth understanding which dwells in the heart of sanctity; or deeper yet and deepest of all into the joy which wells up like fountains of living water in the souls of those who have learned consummately to suffer, to be crucified with Christ. But the *grand tragic irony* is there; and the rank and file of our Catholic clergy and people have a sense, however dumb and inarticulate, of the fact; enough sense of it at any rate to make them as a body impervious to the infiltrations of utopian humanitarianism, to make them beautifully sceptical of all the great-Rosy-Dawn-of-Humanity-now-finally-to-be-realized stuff and nonsense of H. G. Wells and all other similarly iridescent pacifist and internationalist dreams.

And the counterpoint to the *grand tragic irony* (Dante) of which I speak is the *grand humanist gaiety* and ribaldry—coarse, if you please, almost to the point of obscenity, but essentially wholesome—of the Catholic middle ages (Chaucer). How puny, how miserably puny and anaemic, modern Catholicism, at least in our expression and realization of it, is in danger of becoming, has become!

ROGATIONS AT SAN MICHELE

By H. REID

WHEN Don Filippo entered his little church of San Michele at six o'clock in the morning on Ascension Day, he saw at the first glance that the silver crucifix was missing from the altar of the Madonna. He exclaimed, and Enrico came in from the sacristy where he was getting out the processional cross with its embroidered banner, with which he was to lead the procession round the hill. Also Enrico's grandmother, who keeps Don Filippo's house, came in, followed by her other grandson, Marco. Enrico and Marco are twins, but the brains of both have gone to Enrico. He is clever, has learned English with Don Filippo's help, and now has a situation in a bookstore in Florence where he goes every day on his bicycle. Marco spends his days on the little piazzetta in front of the church, playing with colored stones. He makes the one letter he knows, the letter which stands for Madonna and Mary and Michele and Marco. He makes it with various colors and in various designs, and capers with delight when the result pleases him or weeps if it does not.

Enrico's *fidanzata* came in from the piazzetta with a companion. Anselmo and the other little twelve-year-old acolyte were already on the spot. They began looking round, most unnecessarily, since the church is so tiny that one glance is quite sufficient to take in all that is there. And the crucifix was certainly not there.

San Michele is one of the many little churches perched here and there on crags or in nooks among the Tuscan hills. It is old, old, old, many centuries old, so old that in terms of time one might call it enormous, though in terms of space it is very small. No tourist ever finds San Michele, but Don Filippo has many friends among "those English that come to us from America" (as Enrico expresses it), and he likes to say (in English), "I am a priest, and my church she is my wife. She is little but my love is

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large." And indeed he knows every curve and shade of its ancient decoration and every scar and stain that time has set upon it, as one knows the lines in a face long familiar and dear.

It is a rather inaccessible little church, for it clings to the mid-slope of a hill which rises steeply to where a great cross on the summit stands out against the sky, and falls almost as steeply from the level of Don Filippo's garden down through terraced vineyards and hanging woods to the valley of the Mugnone. Round about are the mountains, range on range, to the giants of the Apennines. At one point, where the hills are lower, a little, ancient Etruscan city sits on a saddle between two heights, and beyond it lies the plain where one sees at night the twinkling lights of towns. A lonely place, for there is not even a village, only scattered farms and cottages, with here and there among the hills some villas of signori with the houses of their contadini. Cultivated fields, woodland slopes, flowery banks, but few people—a lonely, lovely place, and never lovelier than at six o'clock on a May morning.

"Let us go, my children," says Don Filippo. "The cross will be found, there is no doubt."

Certainly there is no doubt. In San Michele we know our evil-doers and what to expect of them. Isidoro, for example, gets drunk on festal occasions and the hills resound with the consequent discussion with his wife; Oreste uses language that would make a bargee shudder, and scratches his head apologetically when his feelings are relieved; Aldo is an unbeliever; Vincenzo would be a Socialist if he dared; but we have nobody who would rob the church. The thing, therefore, is a mystery, not a scandal.

"Enough, my children. Come."

But now Marco is gibbering about something and we turn to him. Fortunately there is plenty of time in Tuscany, and functions of all kinds begin just when everybody is comfortably ready without any slavish looking at the clock. It appears that Marco wants to carry the processional cross. He lifts it high, and points to his own head, a centimeter or so above his brother's, and to his shoulders, a trifle broader. He makes to march off with it.

Don Filippo hesitates. Marco is the spoilt child of San Michele, but there will be many people in the procession before the end, and it might cause scandal to some to see the Rogations led by an imbecile. Will he permit it?

Enrico's *fidanzata,* scenting a slight to her betrothed, murmurs a half-audible, "No," with a glance at Marco that looks like contempt, whereupon Don Filippo, Italian of the Italians, suddenly takes fire and explodes.

"*Per Bacco,* but *yes.* He is a *cristiano* even as thou."

He continues in his usual gently didactic strain.

"The good God has given to Enrico the brain of an intelligent man and to Marco the brain of a little child. Both are His gifts, and there is no cause for either pride or shame. Marco is one of God's little ones, and he will lead us, he and Enrico by turns as brothers. Enough. We shall begin."

And so begins the old-time prayer, "Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison," people echoing priest. Now the banner is raised and we go out into the sunshine. The people waiting outside join us and we take the road winding along the side of the hill, the tall cross in front with a torchbearer on each side, then lads and girls singing, then the padre in his white surplice, the gold embroideries on his stole gleaming in the sun, with his two acolytes carrying holy water and sprinkler.

The sun is bright and gentle, and there is a little breeze among these uplands which makes a whispering among the trees and sets the shadows dancing underfoot when the road passes through the wood. For some distance the shade is deep and dark, and when the wind parts the branches the eye is startled by the sudden vision of a tree all glittering gold, where out in the open the sun strikes full upon half-brown yellow foliage. As we emerge from the shade, the padre stops singing, for the way just here is steep. On the level he begins again, the men's voices joining his, "Sancte Silvester, ora pro nobis," and the girls' voices answer sweetly, "Sancte Silvester, ora pro nobis," and so on till we reach the first altar.

The Bruni are well to do and their shrine is handsome. There is a niche in the wall and they have draped it with crimson cloth and placed in it a statue of the Madonna heaped about with red roses. In front is a little table covered with a white cloth, and on it a silver crucifix (not the missing one!) with two lighted candles, and some glass dishes full of grain. The Bruni family are all there waiting—parents, grandparents, three children and some farm hands.

The procession stops and Don Filippo reads the Gospel. Then all kneel for prayers. Only Enrico's *fidanzata* is troubled about her festal stockings and clings to a fence in an approximately kneeling attitude but without letting her knees touch the ground, a position which proves untenable, so that she rises before the prayers are finished and Marco scowls at her. An old woman, leaning on her stick, stiffly tries to kneel, but a man takes her by the arm and shows her a stone of convenient height, putting his cap on it by way of cushion. Afterward he helps her rise.

Don Filippo blesses the fruits of the earth, gives back the sprinkler to Anselmo, takes the processional cross with its banner and with it makes a great Sign toward the east as he says, "From lightning and tempest"; toward the west, "From destruction of earthquake"; toward the south, "From plague, famine and war"; toward the north, "Vouchsafe to give and preserve to us the fruits of the earth." He gives back the cross and himself kneels before it, saying, "Vouchsafe to hear us." And at every petition the voices respond, singing, in the Church's own language, familiar to these humble folk as their own, "Libera nos, Domine," or "Te rogamus, audi nos."

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And so we rise, dust our knees, and go on, the Bruni group joining us.

Now the way leads round to the other side of the hill, and we pass through a pine wood and take a narrow path, in winter apparently a water-course, which twists about among boulders and hummocks of heather and wild thyme. Up on our right the olives are silver against a sky of intense blue. Down on our left there is a gleam of water in the valley, and beyond great hills rise, with amethyst mists still clinging about them. A nightingale is adding another thrill or two after a night of song. The air is clean and sparkling and we take great breaths between our responses. The procession, already fairly numerous, straggles thinly along the narrow path, and to those at the end the voices sound far away: "Per crucem et passionem tuam, libera nos Domine."

The next altar is very simple. The cloth is spread on a bit of low moss-grown wall, and on it stands a wooden cross, two candles and dishes of *granturco*.

The arch above is woven of branches and twigs, wreathed with young ivy shoots and purple and yellow iris from the brook. In it there is a picture of the Madonna, heaped about with wild flowers and sweet-smelling mint and thyme. The man and two women, one with a baby in her arms, touch and retouch their handiwork as we approach. Their faces are anxious and careworn but become transformed with sunny Italian smiles when Don Filippo says, "Bravo, Oreste! Beautiful!" Here too the blessing is given, east, west, south, north. The three join the procession. A marshy place has to be crossed on stepping-stones, so we leave "All Holy Apostles and Evangelists" till we have gathered together on the other side. Then on again.

But now Marco is capering, and the cross rocks violently as Enrico tries to take it from him. Don Filippo hurries on to see what is the matter, Anselmo running beside him, strangely excited and trembling. Marco, gesticulating wildly, points to a tiny altar by the edge of the path. It is only a wreath of wild roses surrounding a niche scraped out of the earth, in which there is an illustrated postcard with a picture of the Madonna framed in moss. On a flat boulder there is a carpet of violet petals, and a letter M done in colored stones; also two tiny red candles, two saucers of *granturco* and dried beans, with, resplendent over all, in a chain of violets, the missing crucifix.

"What means this?" asks Don Filippo.

Anselmo's home is just above and his mother comes hurrying down through the olive grove. Then there is much conversation, with much dramatic gesture, the gist of which is that Anselmo had heard his mother say that the place was too much for a widow alone, and if the crops failed this year she would give it up and seek work in Florence. If the boy had been a man—

"I am almost," breaks in Anselmo. "At *Ognisanti* I begin my fourteenth year. And I thought that if I made an altar here where you pass you would perhaps bless our fields too. And then we can stay."

"Surely I will bless your fields," says Don Filippo. "And I will do it before I ask about the crucifix."

So Anselmo's home is protected against earthquake, lightning and the other plagues, and only when all is done, Don Filippo playfully flicks a drop or two from the sprinkler into the excited little face saying, "Up, little robber, tell me how you got the cross."

"It was because when it was finished there was not *Gesù,* and Marco knew for he was helping me. For one who lives in your house it is easy. I told him to bring *Gesù* from the church this morning early."

"In that, my child, you did wrong. You should have asked me, not Marco. And for your penance you will leave us now and take the cross back to the church by the short way, and put it in its place and say three *Aves* and three *Paternosters*. Marco will go with you."

Marco collects his precious stones, and they go off up the hill, Anselmo clasping the crucifix, while the rest of us return to "All Holy Apostles and Evangelists" and pass on our tuneful way. Wherever an altar is prepared, we stop and the blessing is given, and so from point to point, till we come to the last. It is on the lower slope of the hill, and a steep road strewn with flowers and olive branches leads up to the church. The sun is strong now, the procession straggles and the voices dwindle. But after all that does not matter, for suddenly the church bells ring out. Marco is before us, and we see him in the belfry pulling all three ropes together till the bells toss out beyond the windows.

The church is crowded, and people stand round the door and fill the sacristy. Anselmo is there at his *Aves,* and the tired woman has set her baby on the altar of the Madonna where it is playing with the chain of violets. In a few minutes Don Filippo enters in his Mass vestments and, with the old familiar words, begins the Rogation Mass: "Introibo ad altare Dei—I will enter unto the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth."

* * * * *

It is a fact, though Aldo laughs, that this year, when so many crops are spoiled for want of water, up on Anselmo's hillside there have been dewy nights and misty mornings and passing showers from the mountains, and the beans and *granturco* are better than ever before. So they are not going away, and Anselmo feels himself firmly established as a man and a Tuscan cultivator.

Magdalen

No art, no ray, can reillume
A water-lily's wilted bloom,

Nor any alchemy reclaim
A once extinguished flame;

Yet innocence by Heaven's grace
Shone again in Mary's face.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE.

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FAITH AGAINST CARE

By MARGARET KENDALL

ONLY the other day I met her—a little white-haired woman, who was "visiting" at a friendly convent, in these days when the unemployed have leisure on their hands. I talked with her, and learned that she had worked for over forty years in a cotton mill, which is today shut down like the rest.

"I always shall have work there when they have any to give, but now there is none, so I'm resting," she said.

Did she like her work?

"Well, I'm not so crazy about it today as when I was beginning long ago."

Did she live by herself?

"No, there's my sister and her daughter lives with me. She's sick, but she's a lot of help about the house. The daughter works part time when she has work, but she's never made enough even to keep herself, so I took both of them to live with me. We're better off together. Then we've a man as well."

I asked if the man was a relative.

"No, not a relative, only my mother took him when he was a child, so he has always been around. He's about fifty now, but he saved nothing when he was young, and now of course he has to be looked after."

"Do *you* look after all of them? Has your sick sister no other children?"

"Yes, two married daughters. They'd take care of her and their younger sister if I died, I guess."

"And is there anyone who will take care of *you*?"

"Well no," she smiled. "I don't calculate my nieces would look after *me*. But they'd keep their mother, as I said. *I've* always been the one to take the care of people. I had my husband sick, earning nothing for a long time before he died. My father and my mother were sick too, long before they went —my father sick five years, and blind for the last three."

"How much do you find four of you can live on in these bad times?" I asked in curiosity.

"Well, I think it must cost all of $15.00 for a week. You see, our rent is $6.00 of that."

"And where do you get that much, if none of you have any work?"

"I have a bit I'd saved, not all gone yet. I could have saved more, if I'd been willing to be mean. But I didn't want to be mean. And they tell me if I live until I'm seventy, I'll get a pension."

"And how long will that be?" I asked, wondering at her unlined, untroubled face.

"Not long now, for I'm sixty-nine. The pension's $2.00 a week. Not much, but it will help."

I talked with this amazing bearer of other people's burdens several times. I am still marveling at her entire absence of care, and the assurance of her peace. Never did she hint at the possibility that they might not have the wherewithal to eat and be clothed tomorrow. She did speak of the hardship caused by the displacement of men by the machines, and said one man now tended forty-eight looms. But it was simply comment, no complaint.

"How do the people live, with no wages to let them buy what they must have?" I questioned.

She answered, everybody got along somehow; they helped each other, having the spare time. "There would be lots for all, if only people were allowed to use the stuff men couldn't sell for lack of buyers who could pay for it. But it seems men would rather throw it down the sewers than sell it cheap."

She was sweet-faced and smiling, without fail. She was beautifully neat, and wore a jaunty feather in her hat, and was full of pleasure in the sunny days, the flowers and the birds. Did she expect her assumed charges would be fed and clothed by the Omnipotence that cares for birds and flowers? If so, she made no pious talk of it. But for the life of me I can imagine nothing else that she could look to to dispel all care. And care she seemed entirely without.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE OLD-FASHIONED CITY

Evanston, Ill.

TO the Editor: I wish I were able to believe the means of salvation from the ills and oppressions of the old-fashioned city to be as simple as your editorial of December 9 indicates you believe it to be. "Jammed right between solid, hard facts and beautiful theories," you say, "the public looks to the right and the left of the truth which is squarely in front of it. It cannot be a question of abolishing machines. It cannot be a question of settling people back on the farms. The point is simply this: how to rebuild the modern city in a manner calculated to make it an efficient business instrument, the servant of social sanity, and less of a moral handicap to the individual. The answer is not so difficult to come by as it may seem." When I laid the article down I had derived from it the impression that the new and acceptable city is still to be what the city is, essentially, today—a place of industry and commerce and homes; that somehow you consider it possible so to adjust the great metropolis as to make it thoroughly habitable for men and women and their families.

For myself, I am one of those (and I believe they are many) who hold that sooner or later, if souls are to be preserved in sanity, the homes must be put quite outside the city—by which I do not mean into boom suburbs. Your new city may be ever so improved and remain no proper site for habitation. Its traffic noises may be reduced to the minimum, even utterly abolished. Its smoke may be quite eliminated, its automobile gases routed from the boulevards and streets. Its pedestrian, tram and motor thoroughfares may be so arranged as to permit a man to do a bit of thinking while he walks along, instead of maintaining himself intensely alert to keep out of the way of rushing machinery. The parks of the city may multiply. Forest preserves may abound for week-end outings. Apartment dwellings "with six-room efficiency" actually may give way to houses with garrets and lawns (although I doubt if this last is likely in any development of within-the-city housing). And still the metropolis, to my way of thinking, would be lacking as a location for homes. It would be incomparably better than the metropolis in which we now struggle to retain the characteristics of human kind. But it would fail still to provide at least three necessities—perspective, a sense of solitude upon occasion, and contact with nature.

We have seen a great deal of commendable park development in recent years, and we see commendable plans for more. Chicago, as an example, already proud of its parks—upon which hundreds of thousands of its crowded population find such boons as green trees, green grass, fresh air and sport—is planning to extend Lincoln Park northward for miles along the shore of Lake Michigan. But parks, with all their laudable qualities, certainly do not possess the quality of being natural. Nor can one feel alone in them. Nor does he find

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the perspective of a man who stands upon a country hillside and looks away to the horizon over plowed fields or pastures or wooded land, until his mind itself expands like the broad country before his eyes, and any nervous tension under which he may have been laboring eases accordingly.

We in the cities are all more or less "pent in," whether we live in tenement houses, ten-room coöperative apartments or suburban cottages. Too many walls crowd around us. They cramp our minds, sharpen our nerves and help to keep our ideas in standardized grooves. I believe that anyone who has felt the burden of some triviality weighing like an old man of the sea upon him, and then has felt the burden lighten and depart as he has trodden a country road alone, will agree with this point. Human beings need to see and hear things at a distance and in quiet. They need to experience the aloneness of one who, going to bed at night, hears the far-away, low whistle of a locomotive across the fields (I should never accuse a distant locomotive of being one of the mechanical curses of mankind); or of one who lies on his back in a country lawn in the evening, with nothing between himself and the stars. Such aloneness and such perspective as the man in the country has, may make him feel smaller than he feels in the city; but in the former condition he is much more likely to feel as an individual, however small, and to know that in his own small measure he has an individual's dignity. The metropolitan dweller too often feels nothing at all about himself, excepting inconsequential worries, an uncertain desire for excitement, and a headache.

Now I am not quite so impractical as to believe that we can all be "settled back on the farms." And I wouldn't want it done if it were possible. But I am aware that transportation is becoming faster and presents possibilities of getting people over long spaces in an hour or two of time; and that there is a present trend toward decreasing the lengths of metropolitan working days and weeks. It does not appear impossible that men henceforth may use great cities as places for work—intensive work for comparatively short periods—and the country (in which villages are included) for homes. The city will remain, of course, and rightly so, a place of entertainment. But if it remains a domicile too, I have a tremendous pity for my future grandchildren.

FRANK A. SMOTHERS.

CRIME AND THE PRESS

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor. The old debate whether virtue is best taught by the portrayal of vice is resumed by Mr. Ernest A. Dewey in his recent COMMONWEAL article on "Crime and the Press." He pleads that the "American press print crime news to its last blood-curdling detail." His premises are as open to question as his conclusion.

Perhaps the newspaper no longer enjoys its former place as the most potent molder of public opinion; magazines, movies and radio now share in that work. But entirely to deny the printed daily's sway over the minds of men is so patently untrue that not even Mr. Dewey does it. No doubt with truth does he himself ascribe the severe sentences of Capone and Hickman to popular indignation aroused by the newspaper.

In the past, he says, the printed accounts of redskins and pirates brought about no noticeable criminal imitation. Yet, more results from distance than enchantment; safety, as well, comes from the difficulty of emulating redskin-slaughter and plank-walking. In the presentation of modern crime news, the matter is eminently different. The enemy, now as ever, are those of our own civic household. When men find honorable means ineffectual for their living, is it not natural, and in fact true, that they take the gambler's chance, using the very criminal means they have learned so minutely from the dailies to acquire the relatively easily gained opulence of the present-day criminal?

The middle way seems the right solution of the question: print the crime news; stop educating perversely by passing over the methods of crime—things we may never otherwise learn.

No doubt the modern newspaper aspires to "hold a mirror up to life." Still, is a mirror always the best teacher?

REV. JOHN F. O'NEILL.

LAUDS

Morris Plains, N. J.

TO the Editor: In your issue of December 9, Mr. Dillon wants to know what the Catholic Church is doing for the mentally ill.

Of course, the gentleman knows that the primary and principal concern of the Church is with the souls of men. But even for their bodies the Church has a sincere and earnest care, because she realizes that these bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost and are destined for a glorious resurrection.

Psychiatrists tells us that 30 percent of the mental ills of the world are organic and have physical causes. Many of these causes are physical excesses. The Church, by insisting on the observance of the Commandments of God, by opposing the seven capital sins, by preaching the eight beatitudes, administers to all her children spiritual medicine of a preventive nature. The remaining 70 percent of the mentally ill are a puzzle even to those skilled in the profession. What causes their illness? Two years ago, it was "the tempo of American life"; this year it is the "depression"; the practice of birth control may have mentally affected many female patients.

But for all the mentally afflicted, the Church has her Mass and her liturgy to bring these patients back to the time of their youth and health and strength. The confessional gives them an opportunity to pour out their souls; the Bread of Angels strengthens and comforts them; the merits of Calvary are poured forth on them from the sacrificial altar. And for the dying, the last anointing gives them a resignation to the Divine Will and a courage not of this world.

In every hospital for the mentally ill that I know of, Mass is said, confessions heard, Holy Communion administered, the dying served. The Church always cares for her children, even for these, the most afflicted and neglected of all.

REV. THOMAS F. BURKE.

GREED IS THE WITCH

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor: In connection with the discussion of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's paper, "Greed Is the Witch," it is pertinent to recall the penetrating analysis of modern economic conditions offered by Hilaire Belloc in his book, "The Servile State." The confusion which reigns in the industrial societies is generally ascribed to the excessive development of machinery. And we are told that order and prosperity will eventually be secured through the establishment of production on a "planned" basis. In other words, the economic breakdown is simply an accidental effect of machine efficiency, and it is not suggested that the fault lies in the excessive concentration of capital in the hands of the relatively few; the primary cause of this concentration (or seizure) being avarice.

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The conclusion arrived at by Belloc runs directly counter to the foregoing opinion. He insists upon the historical fact that English society (and American as a consequence) was established on a capitalistic basis before the advent of machinery. That is, capital was already in the hands of the relatively few, or was in process of being so controlled, before the development of the machine. The machine brought no new evil spirit into the world; it simply placed a new instrument in the hands of the spirit of greed which was ascendant in those societies that had abandoned the Christian order.

ARTHUR LEE.

CATHOLICS AND THE CONSTITUTION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: S. M. E., whose letter appears in THE COMMONWEAL for January 6, quotes from an editorial paragraph in which I referred to Mr. Belloc's oft-expressed opinion that conflict between Church and State is inevitable. The very point of my paragraph was that one must not stop there, as many do, when quoting Belloc, but go on to explain, as he does, that the fault is with the overambitious State which always tends to encroach upon the domain of the Church.

The imaginary case I alleged in the editorial, to show how the State may overstep its authority, concerned, not the federal constitution, but some possible freak law enacted by a state legislature. The distinction is important in itself, and perhaps also because your correspondent seems worried in particular about our relation to the federal constitution. There is far less likelihood of Catholic conflict with that illustrious document than with some casual state law. But in either case, our fellow citizens need have no fear that the Catholic Church will be the aggressor.

REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P.

CATHOLIC LEAKAGE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: I do not wish to find fault with the general attitude of Sacerdos Senex on "Catholic Leakage" in THE COMMONWEAL of January 6, but I feel compelled to make a brief comment in regard to his implication that a Catholic leakage of a half-million last year represents "the figures of Messrs. O'Brien, O'Hara and Ross" in the *Ecclesiastical Review* for December. My own position in the article referred to is that even if the figures in "The Official Catholic Directory" are taken at their face value, they do not warrant the conclusion that the leakage amounts to a half-million a year, and that on account of the gaps in the official figures (for which no one is to be blamed) it is impossible to make any fairly reliable guess as to what the annual losses really are. It is my understanding that the other writers in the same magazine do not insist on the half-million.

FRANK O'HARA

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor: I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration for your editorial of December 2, "New Year Resolutions." It is characteristic of THE COMMONWEAL. I cannot imagine it appearing in any other magazine.

If you tell me the author, I shall put his name on the mailing list of the *Leaflet Missal, usque ad cineres,* and with the added provision that he may bequeath it to an heir. This is an inadequate expression of my appreciation.

REV. PAUL BUSSARD.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Sophocles "Electra"

THERE is something doubtful perhaps in the avowedly cautious atmosphere of special matinée performances which seems to set on edge the teeth of some of our daily critics. Certainly, I can find no other explanation for the torrent of cheap wise cracks poured over the superb efforts of Blanche Yurka and Mrs. Patrick Campbell to revive, in understandable fashion, the "Electra" of Sophocles. At least two of these sharp-tongued critics were sufficiently off-guard to head their damaging reviews with the most obvious of puns on the latest O'Neill play. One of them started off with the caption, "Afternoon Becomes Electra," and the other, not to be outdone and by way of emphasizing the blackness of the Sophocles tragedy, headed his masterpiece with the words, "Electra Becomes Mourning." A few critics, fortunately, like Mr. Burns Mantle and Mr. Richard Lockeridge and Mr. John Anderson, took pains with their reviews and gave praise where it was due. Mr. Mantle, for example, did not hesitate to say that Miss Yurka's performance crowned her as "America's greatest tragedienne." But the majority of comments were quite inexplicable—unless, as I have suggested, it is the atmosphere of special matinée performances which is so uncongenial to important works of art as to stultify all the normal sense of critical proportion. I have a curious feeling, for example, that if it had been Margaret Anglin herself, with her famous and stately production of the same play, instead of Miss Yurka, the matinée critics would have failed, particularly in a small theatre, to gather from it that sense of penetrating grandeur they found in it some years ago when produced in the evening at the Metropolitan Opera House.

I think it should be stated at this point that a comparison is absolutely necessary between Miss Anglin's production and the present one of Miss Yurka. Miss Anglin, using a different translation and one carefully cut and adapted to her special purposes, gives us an "Electra" of seemingly vast proportions, something which can only attain its full magic and symmetry in a setting such as that furnished by the Metropolitan Opera House. Miss Anglin then proceeds, with the fire of true genius, to dominate even these large proportions and to create of the character of Electra something above and beyond all personal traits and characteristics and something which catches surely at the fiber of universal greatness and tragedy. In all this, as I understand it, Miss Anglin remains faithful to our understanding of Sophocles. Of the three great tragic poets of Greece, Aeschylus was the most severely remote. Sophocles retained some of the same heroic proportion but began to introduce more of individual characterization and more sense of the humanity of his characters. It was Euripides, however, who brought the cycle of Greek tragedy to its final conclusion by adding touches of realism, as it would be called today, which definitely brought the characters into more immediate and sympathetic touch with the audience. Now, in spite of the fact that Miss Anglin and Miss Yurka have both selected the Sophocles version of the "Electra" tragedy, it is quite obvious that Miss Anglin has clung to the essential spirit of Sophocles, whereas Miss Yurka has presented Sophocles in the humanized and realistic fashion of Euripides. Perhaps this impression would be less marked had the Yurka version been given in a large auditorium, but the comparative intimacy of such a theatre as the Selwyn makes it almost impossible to create that sense of remoteness which clings about our ideas of Sophocles.

In certain minor respects, too, Miss Yurka only added to the

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impression of intimate realism by details of make-up which, while completely justified from the story, tended to obtrude themselves out of all proportion to the general splendor of the play and of its execution. If we accept with full literalness the fact that Electra had been in the grime and dust outside the gates of her own mother's palace, it was probably the resulting justified evidences of grime which led one of our unsympathetic critics to remark that it was a most "anthraciting" performance.

But let us suppose, for argument's sake, that Miss Yurka has gone too far in realistic detail, also that the scale of the performance, through being given in a small theatre, cannot measure up to one's preconceived ideas of the tragedy itself. Even then, what are these incidental facts compared to certain major achievements? Compare them, for example, to the symphonic timing of every movement of characters and of chorus, to the rhythmic sweep of the individual scenes and the exquisite grace and poignancy with which Miss Yurka has matched gesture and line. Compare them also to the astounding vitality with which Miss Yurka leads up to the three distinct climaxes of the play—to the scene in which she receives the urn supposed to contain the ashes of her brother, to the recognition scene between Orestes and Electra, and finally to that extraordinary moment when, at the command of Aegisthus, she calls out her mother's name, knowing that her mother's corpse is lying just within the gate of the palace.

Nothing could be simpler than to pick flaws in any important revival of a great classic. When Margaret Anglin thrilled New York audiences, she had an Orestes who was almost inaudible and a Clytemnestra who, as well as I can recall, reminded one of a plump and well-satisfied bourgeoise. In a small theatre, perhaps, and especially at special matinées, these would have been disturbing matters, but they were forever lost in the larger majesty of the performance as a whole and in Margaret Anglin's heroic rendition. In the present instance, John Butler was a straightforward and manly Orestes, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell was incomparably majestic as Clytemnestra, in spite of the handicaps of a not entirely suitable costume. The chorus, with dances led by Anna Duncan and with the main lines given to Alma Kruger, was consistently and dynamically part of the whole movement of the tragedy. Where, then, is the ground on which the same critics who found themselves at a loss for words before the beauty of the Anglin production could greet the equally sincere and equally plausible presentation of Miss Yurka with wise cracks and cheap puns? Why should it be necessary, above all, for one critic to report patronizingly that at the conclusion there was cordial applause, whereas anyone in the theatre knew from first-hand observation that the applause rose to the proportions of an ovation?

Unless I am greatly mistaken, no true artist of the theatre objects to honest and careful criticism, even if it is adverse. But it must be disheartening, after weeks of effort at careful and painstaking rehearsals, to have the merest facts of observation, such as the reception accorded by the audience, subtly distorted, and to have minor and trivial details made the excuse for personal cleverness and ridiculous puns and the cold flippancy of writers who care more about making themselves amusing than about all the human effort and honesty and fine purpose put into a production. There is obviously something radically wrong with the viewpoint of present-day criticism when we can have an exhibition of this sort.

There were moments during Miss Yurka's performance when I felt that she had caught the true pitch of greatness as no other artist, with the single exception of Margaret Anglin. I feel that Miss Yurka achieved fully the idea which she set out to create and that that idea, though more related to the spirit of Euripides than of Sophocles, was essentially great in itself. Miss Yurka's three climaxes each achieve thrilling proportions although in different tone and key. One of the most difficult things of the Sophocles "Electra" is to prevent the recognition scene becoming an anti-climax after Electra's grief over the urn, and once again it is a feat of rare and balanced power for an actress to hold enough in reserve to make that last cry of Clytemnestra's name the supreme focal point of all the action that has preceded it. Miss Yurka's progress from scene to scene and from climax to climax was not only rhythmical but had all the power of a constant and awe-inspiring crescendo. What she revealed of herself as an artist of extraordinary power and range more than deserved the tumult of applause and the bravos which broke out at the end of the tragedy after a few moments of tense and eloquent silence.

The Prince of Peace

THE INTEREST of New York Catholics in the music of their Church was splendidly evidenced by the size and enthusiasm of the audience which gathered in Carnegie Hall for the presentation by Father Finn's Paulist Choristers of the lyric miracle-drama, "The Prince of Peace." The enthusiasm was well deserved, both because of the work itself and because of its presentation. That the Paulist Choristers is one of the finest bodies of singers now to be heard in America is today no news. Father Finn by his meticulous training, his authority, his true and deep musicianship, has built up a body of artists of truly admirable quality and one of which all Catholics may well be proud. This fact has been proved whenever the singers have appeared in public and it was proved superlatively in their presentation of "The Prince of Peace." The music of "The Prince of Peace" is by Father Finn himself and the text by the Reverend Peter J. Moran, and both music and text are admirably suited to each other and to the type of the work itself, a work portraying the mystery of Christ's Nativity and patterned somewhat after the manner of the mediaeval mystery plays, except that the text instead of being spoken is sung. For this work Father Finn has composed music which is at once reverent in spirit and dramatic. He has not made the mistake of writing in a vein too recondite for all but trained musicians, and yet he has never departed from a mood which is spiritual in essence. In this he has been splendidly aided by Father Moran's words and his arrangement of the action, an arrangement showing fine feeling for the beauty and dignity of the subject.

The staging of the lyric miracle-drama was simple but most effective, the costuming of the various personages beautiful in the extreme, and Father Finn's conducting of his hidden chorus masterly. The chief impersonations were also excellent for their singing, diction and physical bearing. Special mention should go to Henri Marcoux as the Prologist and the High Priest, Emil Cote as the Voice of God, John Finnegan as the Voice of the Messias and King Melchior, John Keating and Carl Schlegel as the Prophets, Master Edward Hayes as the Archangel, Master Joseph Rickert as the Madonna, and H. Overton Moyle as the Tetrarch of Galilee. It is the intention of Father Finn to make "The Prince of Peace" an annual presentation, and next year to add additional scenes. The success of its first trial was so evident that it is to be hoped that this intention will be persisted in. The singing of the Paulist Choristers and the talent of Father Finn as a musician and Father Moran as a librettist certainly are deserving of the unlimited support of the Catholics of New York.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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BOOKS

From Fra Jacopone to Manzoni

History of Italian Literature, by Francesco de Sanctis; translated by Joan Redfern, with an introduction by Benedetto Croce. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $7.50.

THE MAGNIFICENT, if recently waning, literature of Italy has never been so well reviewed as in the two books which De Sanctis published during the eighteen-seventies. It is true that the peculiar attitude toward art which he had adopted, under the influence of Vico and the German Romantics, no longer wins our assent. His "aesthetic of form," never clearly formulated and sometimes palpably addicted to contradictions, led him, for example, to feel that the middle ages "was not an era of art"; the "figuration," he tells us, "was there, but not the reality in its personality and freedom." There is some truth in the remark, but as a whole it must seem to us now, open as we are to the evidence, as strikingly incorrect. Which means that, try though we occasionally may, De Sanctis's aesthetic can no longer be ours. Similarly the accuracy of modern research has supplied information which a critic writing in 1870 could not possess. But these books are so notable for sanity of estimate and concreteness of impression in the presence of art as such, that one is grateful to Miss Redfern for having provided so exact and effective a translation.

Italian literature, as distinguished from writing in Latin, took its rise in Sicily, under the patronage of Frederick II. But though the poets of this court did much for the vernacular and something for lasting poetry, it was not until the rise of centers of culture in Tuscany that the new spirit could express itself fully. The background of the period was deeply religious: there follow one after another the illustrious saints and penitents who, each of them, wrought and stimulated works of art having a deathless, hallowed beauty—Jacopone, Catherine of Siena, Francis of Assisi. Yet it was also an age of problems, spiritual and political. And so the development was, on the one hand, toward the Convivio and, on the other hand, toward the De Monarchia. Everything is described by De Sanctis luminously and vigorously. If his interpretation of Dante can no longer quite satisfy, that is less because of spiritual inadequacy on his part than because further research has opened for consideration vistas necessarily closed to him.

Thereafter one gets a series of chapters each of which is of inestimable importance to the student of modern civilization. Decadence is mirrored in the "Decameron"—the mirror of a decadence attributable to the divorce which had set in between Christianity, now merely a theory assented to, and paganism, more and more evidently the true rule of life. Petrarch is seen by De Sanctis as the man in whom melancholy perception of the impending change bore fruit in verse. In Ariosto the divorce is complete: this poet does not believe in his materials, he merely deals with them as an artist. But it was not until Machiavelli came, that cultivated Italy became conscious of the situation. Those who read nothing else in De Sanctis's two volumes ought to take heed of the very remarkable chapter devoted to the author of "Il principe." We ought not to neglect this man if we would follow those who, like Berdiaeff and More, are trying to find out what happened to Christian civilization. In him all the "modern" ideas are to be found—not in germ merely, but actually developed, standing on two feet. To have seen all this so clearly and impartially sufficed to stamp De Sanctis as a supremely valuable critic.

From this point forward the narrative is possibly less in-

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NEXT WEEK

CATHOLIC RURAL LIFE, by the Reverend J. M. Campbell, continues the series on this most important subject. Father Campbell takes up especially the colonizing of city people on farms and the considerations of the Catholic Rural Life Conference of financing Catholic people in the ownership of farms. The advantages, and the hardships, of rural life are depicted realistically by the writer. . . . SOCIAL ORDER, by the Most Reverend Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, is a transcript of His Excellency's moving statements at the recent meeting of the National Catholic Converts League of New York. It is an extremely important and a noble analysis of the fundamental human efforts that are necessary for a sound social order. . . . SWEET USES—, by Scrutin, who is one of the most politically experienced of American newspaper correspondents, is a lively and illuminating commentary on the political scene as the presidential election impends and the depression is still with us. . . . INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION, by John J. McDonald, deals with American participation in international arbitration pacts and the nature and provisions of these as they are made to suit special circumstances. Proponents of the World Court and the League of Nations are prone to neglect the orderly and consistent work of this sort which has been carried on steadily for years.

teresting, not merely because of the relatively inferior subject-matter but also because the author is dealing with subjects not so responsive to his touch. Nevertheless the last chapter, on the literature of the Risorgimento, is still contagiously interesting. All in all, the publication of Miss Redfern's version adds another appreciably valuable work to the list of indispensable literary manuals.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Managing Others

Strategy in Handling People, by Ewing T. Webb and John J. B. Morgan. Chicago: Boulton, Pierce and Company. $3.00.

"STRATEGY in Handling People" is the quintessence of the business success stories of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *American Magazine,* and Orison Sweet Marden, apostle of success, rolled into one. It is the high-light incident in the careers of our notables who make first page in the newspapers daily and the rotogravure section on Sunday. It is anecdotal. And though it was deliberately written for general popular consumption, it has a value greater than its superficial character would seem to indicate. The book in its format, style and method of presentation looks like these get-knowledge-quick and here's-success-now panaceas, but as a matter of fact it is really worth reading and is bound to be helpful.

The book is interesting, even fascinating, in its revelation of a Roosevelt winning friends, a Dawes bringing a British field marshal to terms, a Morrow winning Calles, and so through its 250 biographical highlights or anecdotes. But the significant thing is not so much the incident which makes the book interesting and readable, but the underlying psychological principle which makes the book of very great value.

The fundamental idea underlying all personal influence and control is simply stated: Respect the other fellow's personality. Find the center and core of his ego. Do not injure his pride. Make him think better and higher of himself. Don't injure his ego, but raise it rather. Don't have him admit his wrong, but rather have him state his new-found truth.

If we are going to influence the other fellow or handle him, we must study him. We must make him our ally instead of our enemy. He is the most important factor. "He could resist anything that came from outside, but against ideas that came from himself he was powerless." We must study him. "Keep in mind his habits and hobbies and things he has done, and things he knows, his knowledge, his opinions, and his name; the people and the thing he reveres, his wants and his needs." Then the techniques so abundantly illustrated in the books can be interpreted. Ten are given by way of illustration. (1) He (the successful man) complimented the other fellow by offering unexpected confidence. (2) He showed that he considered him important, that he liked and trusted him. (3) He played on his vanity. (4) He made subordinates think that what they did was the important thing or the whole thing. (5) He introduced subordinates to important persons. (6) He made known his sympathy and appreciation. (7) He gave compliments indirectly. (8) He commended the virtues of the person he was trying to win in some other person. (9) He let his questions draw out the other fellow. (10) He made a joke of himself to gain attention and good-will and disarm hostility.

But the significant thing is the underlying principle, enlisting the ego of the other fellow by respecting him. "The most interesting person in the world to anyone is himself."

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK.

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Quatrains

Candles in the Wind, by Charles J. Quirk, S.J., with a prefatory note by Brother Leo. New York: The Dial Press. $2.00.

THESE "Candles in the Wind," quatrains of delicate verse, share something of the same touching beauty of candles at the altar lighted for love of the Light of the World, which the darkness does not comprehend. Father Quirk has kindled his tapers at the same source, and has chanted that love in many a tender and beautiful line.

The peculiar strength inherent in brief expressions, foreign to diffuse utterances, is here—and many of Father Quirk's simple lines will linger happily in the memory when more profuse ones will have fled. But diminutive as these candles are, they send their rays into certain deep wells of philosophy, nature and the universe, illuminating them with loveliness. Sometimes a swift and dramatic picture is evoked, as in "On the Parapet of Notre Dame":

"Paris lay hushed beneath the midday sun,
Her evil hid in smile's oblivion.
Then, suddenly I heard the gargoyles' jeering cry,
Answered beneath by carven angels' sigh."

Preoccupied as Father Quirk is with contemplation of that sure and everlasting peace awaiting us after death, "within the hushed beauty of God's eyes," he pauses to mourn understandingly over the sorrows humanity must meet before knowing that peace:

"Is not the sighing of the breeze
An echo of hid miseries?
Does nature catch a sound, become a part,
Of the dark orchestration of each heart?"

That Father Quirk's verses please a wide field of readers, who will rejoice in this latest published collection, is amply evidenced by the long list of American and English magazines to which he makes acknowledgment for permission to reprint the poems selected for this volume.

Perhaps, to some critics, it will appear a pity that an occasional inept line has been allowed to creep in, to mar an otherwise perfect quatrain, but it is to be hoped they will consider the difficulties attendant on the task the poet has set himself—compression of a profound philosophical thought or religious truth into four short lines. If here and there, the candles flicker momentarily, who will be the less grateful for the lyric spark of beauty they so generally and movingly bestow?

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

Your Own Machinery

Behind the Scenes with Ourselves, by Carl Ramus. New York: The Century Co. $3.00.

THIS is a book on applied psychology and mental hygiene written in a popular style. Books of this type are always individualistic and strongly colored by the writer's philosophical, ethical and religious background. Hence, they are all different and although a few may have some general value, most of them are positively harmful.

Dr. Ramus is a physician, but being a physician does not qualify him in the least as a psychologist; just as a repairer of balls does not thereby become an expert in football or baseball. Physicians are educated to deal with physical ills; the treatment of the soul must be spiritual, notwithstanding the

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Managing Editor of "The Commonweal." Author of "The Catholic Spirit in America," etc.

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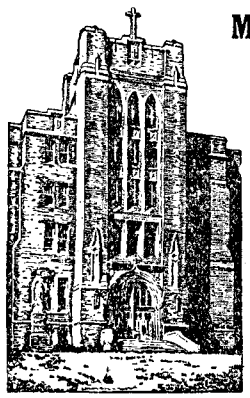

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influence some physical ills may exercise over the mind. This latter task is beyond most physicians. In fact, their training often appears to be more of a handicap than an advantage.

The author declares that his treatise is based on common sense, but this common sense is not much in evidence. He says among other things: "Many theories are and always will be incapable of proof. . . . Any theory is helpful. . . . If it is wrong, we are forced the more quickly to find a better one." But if we apply wrong theories before we know that they are wrong, may we not do incalculable harm? Without doubt. "Nature's laws can never be broken"!

Furthermore, the author states that his book is based on truth. Yet one finds in it hideous attacks on truth. How can it be truthfully asserted that eminent scientists are now gradually coming to the belief in a Supreme Being? Really eminent scientists always had and professed this belief. It is not well to confuse notoriety with eminence. To call Christian missionaries "unintellectual and narrow, far inferior to nurses and modern social workers," is astounding. No one with a fundamental knowledge of history would utter such a statement. Who civilized the nations? On the other hand, what did the modern psychologists and psychoanalysts accomplish besides demoralizing many by asserting that the end justifies any means?

The reviewer feels that the book cannot be recommended to "searchers after truth."

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

Russia with Errors

The Real Romanovs, by Gleb Botkin. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $3.00.

THIS book shows crass ignorance on the part of its writer of the very things he tries to present to us. It only proves that the aloofness of the Empress Alexandra turned away the Russian aristocracy, among whom the Romanovs might have found defenders in their tragedy, and that sycophants and middle-class courtiers sought imperial favors at the loss of their own self-respect. The father of the present author proved his devotion to the imperial family by sharing its atrocious fate, but all who knew him speak of him as a perfect courtier, and a flatterer of the sort that the neurasthenic empress required around her. That he did not have the courage to oppose any of his imperial patients' whims is a fact which even his son's book establishes.

Among the errors of the book is Mr. Botkin's assertion that prohibition was introduced in Russia by the Emperor Nicholas II at the beginning of 1914, whereas it was promulgated by an imperial ukaze as a war measure. The description of the strikes which took place in St. Petersburg immediately before the outbreak of war is fantastic. So also is the account of the murder of Premier Stolypin, who, instead of dying in the theatre where he was shot, survived his wound for more than a week. And young Princess Orloff, whom Mr. Botkin declares committed suicide, died after an appendicitis operation in Paris. The escape of the so-called Grand Duchess Anastasia from the massacre in which the imperial family perished, savors of the fairy tale.

I must however agree with Mr. Botkin's assertion that the few remaining Romanovs have not risen to the situation in which fate has placed them. They might have shown more dignity than some have displayed. But Mr. Botkin, if he is all that he claims to be in his useless book, ought to have been the last one to point out this lamentable fact.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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Briefer Mention

Nixey's Harlequin: Tales by A. E. Coppard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. COPPARD has curiosity, ardor, a gift of humor that ranges from the fine and delicate to the ribald and gusty, a gift of perceiving real types whose range is even more remarkable, and a sense of the magical strangeness of life that is reflected in writing always distinguished, and frequently beautiful. This should be almost enough, but by the same token is not. Endowments so lavish must be complemented and balanced by a sense of moral quality. Otherwise they merely define a possibility of disappointment in the reader; and once he has recovered from his excitement at their various stimulations and satisfactions, that disappointment gradually actualizes. One reader, at least, who has read all of Coppard, experiencing that excitement to the full, finds in this volume confirmation of the suspicion that long ago began to hover. Coppard is permanently fixed, by the lack of an ultimate moral seriousness, in the aesthetic mold. For all his rich understanding of tragic moments, for all the accidental beauty he gathers by the way, he sees life not as a drama or a struggle involving a final achievement or doom, but as a pattern; most frequently an ironic pattern, whose futility or frustration may appeal either to our compassion or our relish of the incongruous. The most ambitious story here, "My Hundredth Tale," furnishes a perfect text. In it all Mr. Coppard's resources are brilliantly employed on a sensitive artist, on the assumption that he is cheated by life and love because he is no gentleman; whereas his prime, determinant lack is a simple sense of right and wrong.

The Waves, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

CRITICS of "The Waves" make at least one mistake, in speaking of it as fiction. It is not fiction, if drama and dialogue are constituents of fiction—as of course they are. What "The Waves" approaches closest to being is a book of poetry, written in detailed and expository prose. It traces the lives of six characters, three male and three female, from early childhood to late maturity, but cuts away from each career and each mind all that is not quintessential and hence, in a sense, static. The device employed is self-revealing monologue, deliberately unvaried in style from character to character: a method of eschewing irrelevant differences to the enhancement of profound differences. The mood of this strange and haunting study is the mood of pagan fate—we see the six fixed, each in the separate, immitigable loneliness of his or her own nature, which is also his or her own destiny.

My Candle, and Other Poems, by Mother Francis d'Assisi. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

"My spirit sings,
And all my songs
On little wings . . . "

begins the poet in one of her verses, and this beginning illustrates the quality of these poems. They are lyrical, they are simple and they are beautiful. Could one ask for more? Grandeur? Their simplicity is of that transcendant kind that soars, that pierces like a beam of clear light, nearer to the awful and infinite and ultimate grandeur than do thickets or piles of verbiage and images. God and the Jongleur of God and fair living have rarely inspired a sweeter singer.

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Sparks Fly Upward, by Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THOUGH it lacks the lyrical note of "Laughing Boy," this second novel of Mr. La Farge shows that he is developing that instinctive competence which marked the first book as the work of a born story-teller. Again he writes of Indians. His locale is a Central American republic at the time—close to a century ago—when it was experiencing the political convulsion which deposed a tight oligarchy, ruling for its own privileges and holdings, in favor of democracy based on the enfranchisement of the peons. The career of the young rebel chieftain, Esteban Perez, gives the action its outline and the character interest its focal point. Almost pure Indian, he is reared as a son by one of the Spanish oligarchs, and Mr. La Farge traces, with credibility and skill, the gradual assertion within him of his own racial inheritance and point of view against various competing forces: his social ambitions, for example, and his illicit but intense love of his benefactor's wife. He is a romantic and sympathetic character, whose moral faults (which the author takes lightly enough) are combined with the manly virtues of courage and responsibility. His union with Marta, the devoted Indian girl, and his final military success, close satisfyingly a well-compounded novel, wherein—though the note of tragic realism seems to be deliberately avoided—action, atmosphere, humor and a sense of racial poetry unite to give a reasonably full, and an entertaining, impression of a period and a people.

Mr. Fortune Speaking, by H. C. Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

THE SUPER-MINDS of detective fiction are bound to have their off moments, and it must be recorded that Mr. Fortune, the amiable omniscient who has shown Scotland Yard the way for the last year or two, is a shade under his best speed in this volume. But even so, he is Reggie Fortune still, fat, casual and droll in a manner that is quite acceptably literary and entertaining; hating discomfort like a cat, and sticking to any scent that his abnormally acute olfactories uncover, like a bloodhound. It is a likable conception, and sufficiently unusual to wear well. Those who know Reggie of old will enjoy these new adventures in spite of something a little spiritless in the writing here, a little stenciled in the plots. Those who have never met him may not detect these flaws, in the pleasure of making a new detective friend. It may be said, by way of extending them an invitation to do so, that Reggie is a psychologist of the intuitional, atmospheric, shudder-producing school of Father Brown, rather than a Thinking Machine, and that he is as cultured as Philo Vance but not so difficult to talk to.

CONTRIBUTORS

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